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Sagatoo, Mary A.

WAH SASH KAH MOQUA;

OR,

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS.

BOSTON:
CHARLES A. WHITE COMPANY,
NO. 7 FEDERAL COURT.
1897.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND,

WHO IS

ONE OF THE BEST REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE CHIPPEWA TRIBE,

I LOVINGLY DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

MARY A. SAGATOO.

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PREFACE.

I have at last accepted the invitation of my friends to put upon paper some of the incidents of my life during the thirty-three years I have spent among the Chippewa Indians, who live on Saginaw Bay. I can give you nothing more than plain, simple truth. I have often told my friends I did not know how to write a book; they say, "just write as you talk and your friends will be anxious to read it." I know there are scenes in my life which, could they be accurately described, would not be without interest. Some of the incidents which I shall relate, will make happier the remembrance of them, while others will bring tears to my eyes. In saying this I do not mean to have the readers of this little volume understand that my life has been an extraordinary one, but it has been so entirely different from that of ordinary women, that it must be of interest to many.

With this short preface I will proceed with my story.

M. A. S.

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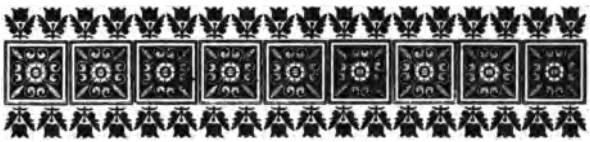

WAH SASH KAH MOQUA.

CHAPTER I.

MY EARLY LIFE.

My early life was spent in Newton, Mass. My parents were in the middle walks of life, my father assisted in the building of the first railroad built in America, at Ballston Spa, N. Y., and later of the Boston & Worcester Road, now the Boston & Albany.

My dear mother, who was a true Christian, early taught me about God and the love of the Blessed Saviour for little children; that He took the little ones up in His arms, put His hands upon their heads and blessed them, and in my little heart there came a love for one so holy and kind to the children. I remember I wished I could have been with those favored ones, thinking if He had put His hand upon my head I should never wish to do anything wrong,

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and that when I would be called to die, He would take me to His beautiful home in heaven.

As I grew older I began to see that I must do something more than wish to be good, that I must try to do right at all times, that I must obey my parents in all things. Sometimes this did not seem easy or pleasant, especially if my playmates came to see me. My mother would sometimes, when unusually busy, ask me to take care of the baby, when I wanted to play with my mates. I would often make the little one cry, so mother would take it and let me get out; but when I knelt beside my mother's knee to say my evening prayers, I would then think how naughty I had been to make baby cry and tell her I was sorry and would try to be a better girl.

I was about three years of age when a little sister was given to me. The nurse said, "Your mother and father won't love you so much now that baby has come." This made me feel angry. I could not bear to look at the little one and asked my father to take it away from the house; he talked to me of the wickedness of having such unkind feelings for my little sister. The nurse seeing how unhappy it made me to have the babe in the house, said, "Miss May, how

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would you like to have me put the baby down the well?" I said "Yes, I wish you would, then papa and mamma will love me again." She went out of doors, put some stones in her apron, and told me to listen and I would hear the little one fall. I heard the noise and thinking it was my sister commenced crying, for I was real sorry to have her in the dark well, yet I still felt she could not now rob me of the love of my parents. A little while after I went into my mother's room and saw the baby in my mother's arms. I stamped my feet and exhibited so much temper my mother had to punish me.

I was seven years of age before I had a brother. Most of the girls at school had a brother. I wished I, too, could have one. One of the school-girls told me I could get a brother in Watertown for five cents. The first thing I did when I got home from school was to go to the place where my father was working, and asked him to give me five cents to buy me a brother. One of the neighbors hearing my request said, "You cannot get a white brother for five cents, it is only the black babies that sell for five cents; here are ten cents, this will buy you a nice white boy." On awaking ear-

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lier than usual one morning soon after, I heard a baby cry. I got out of bed and went to my mother's room and saw a tiny baby boy. I was delighted, and for a long time I thought it was my ten cents which brought my little brother. He was permitted to live in our home eighteen months when our Heavenly Father took him to heaven to live with the angels.

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CHAPTER II.

HOW THE ONION SPOILED THE PRAYER MEETING.

When I reached the age of ten years, I felt I ought to try to induce my schoolmates to become Christians. Three of the scholars had been removed by death; this made us feel sad. One day at recess, I said to the scholars "Why can't we have a prayer-meeting and give our hearts to Jesus? Then, if God takes us as He did our mates, we won't be afraid to see Him if He sends the death angel for us." The scholars agreed to come if I found a place to meet. Mr. James Smith had a large loft over his workshop. I went to him and asked how much he would charge me a week to use the room over the shop for a prayer-meeting. He looked at me for a moment before answering, then asked me if my father knew of my plan. I told him I had not said anything to my parents about the meeting. "Well," said he, "I will think about it. Come here to-morrow after school and I will tell you my decision." I went the next afternoon to see him and he told me I

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could have the room without pay. I was delighted and the school-children agreed to meet me Friday after school was out. I took charge of the meeting. I read a few verses from the Book of Genesis, after which we sang some of the pieces we had learned at school. Then all the children joined with me in repeating the Lord's Prayer. We met there for several weeks. The school teacher said one day, "How is it that the scholars are learning to behave so orderly and quietly; it pleases me very much." One of the scholars said, "O, don't you know that little Mary Henderson has prayer-meeting after school hours, and is trying to make us Christians?" The teacher turned and smiled, saying "You are a good little girl. God bless you and help you to do much good." One of the girls would sometimes laugh at us, but one evening I saw her eyes were red as if she had been weeping. I went to her and put my arm around her neck and said, "Dear Matilda, you are sorry you have been naughty, are you not?" "Yes," said she, with a quiver in her voice. I knelt by her side and asked the Saviour to help her give her heart to Him, then we all sang "There Is a Happy Land" and closed the meeting. The next day my father learned that

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the cause of Matilda's eyes being so red was an onion she brought with her to the meeting. On hearing this my parents told me I must give up the meetings until I was a little older.

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CHAPTER III.

MY VISIT TO BOSTON.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred till I was nearly nineteen years old, when I heard a sermon that made a deep impression on my mind. It was from Matthew, eleventh chapter, thirty-sixth verse. I felt if we must render an account for every idle word. Then I was not guiltless. I had not always been guarded of my speech. I became so miserable I could find no peace day or night. I read my Bible, said my prayers morning and evening, and tried to find comfort in this way, but the more I prayed the more miserable I became.

About this time I was invited to spend a month with friends in Boston. My dear mother knowing how unhappy I felt tried to dissuade me from leaving home. I told her perhaps it would do me good to go away for a little while. The minister who preached the sermon that affected me so deeply said, "As you are going to the city, I would advise you to go to Bromfield Church. Bro. L. Crowell is the pastor. I

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will speak of you to him at the Preacher's Meeting next Monday morning." I went to Boston with the determination that I would try to banish all religious thoughts from my mind, that I would drive every serious desire from my heart, and that if I had an invitation to attend the theatre I would accept it; but I did not have an invitation to any place of amusement during my visit, for which I now feel very thankful. The time had come for me to return to my home in Newton, and as I had promised the minister I would go to church, I decided to go to the prayer-meeting, Friday evening, then if he asked me if I attended meeting I could say yes, but need not say I had been there only once. I went into the vestry and took a seat in the back part of the room. Near the close of the service, a young man, named Jarvis Ames, arose and said, "How long will you resist the Holy Spirit? You are trying to run away from God. Do you think you can, by leaving your home and coming to the city, escape the eye of your Judge?" Mr. Ames seemed to point in the direction where I was seated. "Ah," thinks I, "Mr. R. has told the members of this church that I am a sinner. I wish I had not come to this meeting."

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The preacher arose and said, "You have doubtless come from the country, and are striving to quench the Spirit; don't do that any longer. Come give your heart to Jesus, who stands ready to receive you. The invitation was given to all who wished to be prayed for to come to the altar. I grasped the arm of the settee, determined not to go forward, but after a few seconds, I, too, was kneeling with those who had presented themselves for the prayers of the people. As soon as the people arose from their knees, I got up, and ran out of the vestry before anyone had a chance to speak to me.

I felt ashamed that I had made myself so conspicuous, feeling that by going forward to the altar, I had let the people know I was the person the minister had spoken to. I did not go home Saturday, I was too miserable. Toward evening, I took a walk on the Common, and when people in passing looked at me I imagined they thought that is the sinner from the country. Oh, how wretched I felt. I did not attend service during the Sabbath Day, but when evening came, I went to the prayer-meeting, and when the invitation was given to all who wished to give themselves to Christ, I went

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forward and asked the minister to pray for me. Mr. George Rand and Mother Mumree knelt by my side. Said this good sister, "My dear child, if you were hungry would you not ask your parents for bread to eat? Well, your Heavenly Father is much more willing to give you His Holy Spirit than your parents are to give you food. Won't you trust Him?" I said "I will. Oh, I do trust Him now," and such a happy feeling came into my heart.

When I arose from my knees Dr. Snow shook hands with me and said, "I need not ask if you are happy, for your countenance shows it." Many times I have wished that all my life had been spent in such a manner, that others could with truthfulness say "She lives like a Christian." The minister came to take the names of those who came forward. He asked me my name. "Why," said I, "don't you know my name? Did not Mr. R. tell you my name?" "No," said he, "I have not seen Brother R. for several weeks." "Why, then," said I, "I was not the person you pointed at and said perhaps I had come from the country and was trying to quench the Holy Spirit." "Oh, no," said he, smiling, "I never saw you till you came to the altar." "Oh, then," said I, "I have

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made a mistake." "No, no," said he, "you have not made a mistake, but the devil has been trying to lead you wrong. God has been calling you, and you have great reason to thank Him that He has led you in the right way.. I believe your Heavenly Father has a special work for you to do."

I returned to my home in Newton, and told my parents of the change in my feelings. My dear mother was so pleased she burst into tears, kissed me and said, "May God keep my daughter in His care and help her to live a useful life." I then made up my mind to obtain an education that would fit me for a missionary. My dear father, who had met with quite a loss by the burning of his barn and hay and farming implements, was unable to send me to the Academy. I determined to earn the money. A lady in Boston was in want of a young person to take care of her two little boys, and hearing I was seeking such a situation, sent for me. She agreed to take me. I remained two years with the family and was treated very kindly. I became much attached to the children. My mother became very ill, and I was obliged to leave that pleasant home and return to my father's house. The family is still friendly to

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me. The youngest son is now Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, Cambridge.

I remained at home till my mother recovered from her illness. In the meantime, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School gave me a class of little girls to instruct, which was a real pleasure, for I found while teaching the children, I was myself learning more of the truths of the Bible. I was still anxious to go to school, and feeling I could now be spared from home, I applied for work in the establishment of Messrs. Doe, Hazelton & Co. I remained some years in the employ of this firm till I earned enough to attend the Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. While I remained in the city I became a member of Bromfield Church, Rev. L. Crowell, the pastor, told me he thought I had a special work to do for Jesus. I said I would like to be a missionary. "Well," said he, "I think you had better write to Dr. William Butler, Superintendent of Missions in India, and tell him of your feelings in this matter." I did so, and the following letter I received while I was at the Academy:

"LUCKNOW, INDIA, Nov. 28, '58.

Dear Sister Henderson:—Your very interesting letter of June 3d duly reached us, and was

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read that very day to our entire mission party at Nyneetal. We did indeed earnestly desire for you the guidance of our Heavenly Father so that you might be directed aright.

I hope you will excuse my delay in answering your letter, but when it reached us we were about to pack up and come down here, and this with the delay of getting matters fixed here, had prevented me writing as soon as I could have desired. I, however, wrote and informed Bishop Simpson and Dr. Durbin of your views and feelings, so that should you open any communication with them, they would be quite prepared to receive it.

As to giving you advice how you should act in reference to devoting yourself to God's work in the mission field, I feel that I would rather you would take the judgment and advice of such friends as Brother Sleeper and your pastor, both of whom will no doubt sympathize with your feelings, and in view of all circumstances, will be better qualified than I can be to guide you aright. Had you not better go to them and open your heart, and tell them your convictions of duty. May God guide you to act in this important case in such a way as the reflections of a dying hour will justify and approve.

I think it is quite clear that if you make up your mind to devote yourself for life to the mission work, you had better go to Wilbraham at once and trust God to furnish the means. Out of my own little means I will feel it a privilege

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to aid you, and perhaps God will induce others also to do the same. You may count on me for $50 to help you. Go right on in the name of the Lord, and when you have fairly begun your studies write to me and I will then communicate you and give you any help of which I am capable, as to the books you should read, etc.

Our Sisters here are indeed very anxious that you should come. The health of both Sister Humphrey and Sister Pierce is but feeble, and they are consequently not able to do what they would wish to do, while their family cares also interfere with their giving themselves wholly to the work. But you, if you enjoy good health, (and without good health you ought not to come to India) you would be free to give yourself entirely to do good, you would, indeed, be a great blessing in training up our female orphans to become Christian women, and this is poor India's greatest need. I think there is no department of Christian labor where a devoted Christian woman could do no more good than in this way.

As to a home, Sister Pierce bids me say that should the Lord lead you here you may calculate on finding a home in their family. We are all well, thank God, and now engaged in our work under very promising prospects. The Lord is with us. We have two Hindostanee classes, two congregations, a Sabbath school and fourteen orphans, four schools, besides our little English services.

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O, for help, for what are we among so many? As soon as you decide, write to me again and I will at once reply to you. Our whole party join in most affectionate remembrance to you, and you may rest satisfied that if you come to us you will meet with a hearty welcome, especially from the dear sisters.

Yours very truly, WM. BUTLER,
Lucknow, India."

I was delighted with the thought that I could spend all my life trying to lead some of the children in far-off India to give up their idols and worship the true God. I studied hard, sometimes till quite late in the night, but after a while I began to have some trouble with my head. I consulted a physician who told me I must give up my studies. I asked him if he could not give me something to help me, as I wished to complete my studies and then go as a missionary to India. "Why," said he, "with that trouble in your head you would not live three months in so hot a climate as India." I remained a while longer in the school but was at last compelled to leave. This was a great disappointment to me. I went back to Boston and the leading members of the church appointed me city missionary. My duties were to visit the sick, distribute tracts and try to get

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children who were neglected to come to the Sabbath school. I enjoyed this work very much, although I felt keenly disappointed that I could not go to India.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE MISSION SCHOOL STARTED.

Two of my friends who were also interested in mission work agreed to canvas the other end of the city and get all the children and adults who did not attend any place of worship to come together on Sabbath morning and start a Sabbath school, but where could we get a room to accommodate them. Some one suggested we ask the superintendent of the Boston & Albany Railroad if we might use the passenger room Sabbath mornings to hold a mission Sabbath school. "Yes," said he, "if you will leave the key where the one who had charge of the room could get it."

We succeeded in getting a large number of children and older ones to come to the Sabbath school, which was kept up until I left Boston to go to Michigan. There were a number of Catholic children willing to attend the school, but had no clothing. I went among my friends soliciting money to get clothing for them. I also asked help from the firm where I had

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worked before going to school. They responded liberally to my appeal. Some of the gentlemen even helped to trim the hats and bonnets for the little ones. Messrs. Lawrence & Hull gave me money to buy shoes and calico for dresses, which the young girls in the establishment helped to make. One young gentleman, named Samuel Hunt, trimmed six of the hats. These young people seemed to enter into the spirit of the work. I took the hats, shoes and garments to the little room off the passenger room where the children would meet me Sabbath morn and don the clothing before entering the school. After the close of the school, they put on their old clothes before returning to their homes, for I had learned that clothing I had previously given them had been sold for liquor. Mr. Thomas Clogston, one of those who assisted in that good work, has gone to his reward.

The remembrance of those hours spent in that depot on Sabbath morning, more than thirty-three years ago fills my heart with gladness. Many of the dear ones who met there, are now with the loving Saviour. I still have in my possession some of the letters written to me by members of my class and received and read in my little Indian home in Michigan.

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CHAPTER V.

HOW I BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH MY HUSBAND.

During my membership in Bromfield Church, the young people started a paper which they called "The Bromfield Enterprise." Three editors were appointed to take charge of the paper which was read the last Thursday of each month. All the church members who had any talent for writing were invited to contribute articles for the paper.

It was at one of these gatherings as one of the editors I became acquainted with my first husband. As I came forward to read my third of the paper, this person whom I had noticed sitting near the door came up and took a seat near the desk where I was standing. I saw he was a stranger and that he gave close attention to the reading. At intermission, Dr. A. L. Norris, who is now one of the leading physicians of Cambridge, a young gentleman I became acquainted with at Wilbraham Academy, said to me "There is a young Indian chief from Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio. I will

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introduce him if agreeable to you." I replied, "It will give me pleasure to make his acquaintance." After the introduction we were called to order.

At the close of the entertainment the young chief inquired my given name. I told him it was Mary. Said he, "That is a sweet name; it was the name of the Mother of our Saviour," and taking a pencil wrote my name in his pocket diary. Then turning to me, he said "Friend Mary, when I return to school if I write you a letter will you answer it?" I replied, "Certainly, and if I can help you in any way please let me know and I will gladly aid you." Said he, "Do you mean what you say?" I replied "Yes." "Thank you," said he, "you make me very happy to have your promise." How little I, at that time, knew how that promise would be fulfilled. He bade me good-bye, saying he expected to leave Boston the next day.

The next Sabbath morn as I took my seat with my class in the Bromfield Church, I was much surprised to see Mr. Cabay, the young chief, sitting behind the desk with Mr. Jacob Sleeper, Superintendent of our Sabbath School. Mr. Cabay was invited to address the school, he also sang a verse in the Indian language. At

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the close of the school he shook hands with me saying, "I have not yet left your city." He remained several months preaching in some of the churches and on Sabbath evening preached on Boston Common. The Unitarian clergymen took considerable interest in him, asking him to their homes and inviting him to their banquets. Dr. Ezra Gannett was a warm friend, as was Dr. Lothrop. At one of their dinners Mr. Cabay was asked to carve a duck, which was placed before him. He begged to be excused as he had not yet learned to carve like the white people. "Well," said Dr. Gannett, "let us have a specimen of how Indians carve." Mr. Cabay said, "I fear you will not be willing to eat the duck if I carve it like my people do." The ministers agreed to eat the duck if he would dissect it in Indian style. The chief took the duck in his hands, first pulling out the wings, then the legs, after which he broke the body into small pieces, and passed a portion to each one from his fingers. The ministers ate the duck, saying they had never eaten one which gave them so much pleasure.

Mr. Cabay made arrangements to attend Harvard College. Rev. L. Farnham, secretary of the Theological Library, gave him permission

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to study any of the books and helped him in many ways. I became quite well acquainted with Joseph Cabay during the three years he spent in Boston, and when he asked me if I was willing to become his wife and assist him in his work among his own people, I told him if my parents were willing I would assist him in mission work among the Indians in Michigan.

Some of my friends were displeased that I should think of going among a people of whom I knew nothing. My mother said, "If it is God's will you should go there, I will give you my blessing." But my father said, "If Joseph will finish his studies and remain in Massachusetts, I will consent to the marriage, but I would rather you marry one of your own race." I prayed earnestly to God to guide me aright in this to me important matter, and that if it was not right to link my life with Joseph's to show me plainly my duty. After praying over it, I thought as God had seemed to hedge up the way of my going to India, perhaps my work was among the Indians of Michigan. I told Joseph that when he was ready to return to his people I would accompany him. With what a happy smile he thanked me.

Man proposes, but 'tis God who disposes all

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things. 'Tis well we do not know what lies before us, how we would shrink from duty and say we could not endure such a life, we cannot walk such a thorny path. Joseph had complained of severe pain in his lungs, thought he had taken cold, and that when the weather became warmer he would feel better. But as time passed he grew worse. Dr. Gannett called in Dr. Bowditch, a renowned lung physician, who said consumption had taken a firm hold on him and that medicine would do him no good, and advised him to return to Michigan as quickly as possible, that the breezes from the lakes of his native State might add a few days to his life.

Joseph asked me if I would let him go alone. I told him no, that when in health I promised to become his wife, did he think me so heartless as to forsake him when he needed my care the most. My father asked me if I had taken leave of my senses to think of marrying a dying man. My mother said, "Mary, I hope you will do right. It will be hard for you to be left alone among a race of which you know nothing, for it is evident that Joseph cannot live but a short time, but don't shrink from duty. God bless you, my dear child."

I became the wife of Joseph Cabay, March

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5th, 1863. We were married by J. Singleton, Copley Green, rector of Trinity Church, Newton. We were married in the Episcopal form, but my father refused to give me away. One of my friends acted in my father's place. About thirty of my friends witnessed the ceremony. Among the guests were Prof. C. L. Jackson, of Harvard College, (one of the little boys I took care of some years ago.) We remained in Boston till the 5th of June. Many of the kind friends visited us. One young lady brought Joseph breakfast every Sabbath morning and kept him supplied with flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell visited Joseph several times during each week, although Mr. Russell was himself ill with the same dread disease, consumption. My husband always felt brighter after a visit from those dear friends. Mr. Russell passed from earth about three months after my husband. As I write, how vividly all these sad days come back to me. Many of those who ministered to my dear one during his stay in Boston have gone to that home where sickness and death are unknown. May my dear Heavenly Father help me so to live that when the conflicts of life are over, I too may rest with all those loved ones on the other shore.

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CHAPTER VI.

MY LEAVING BOSTON FOR MICHIGAN.

The morning of the day we left Boston, I went to the "Zion's Herald" Office to pay for my paper. The editor introduced a gentleman from Detroit, and learning we were going to Michigan, this person handed me a slip of paper, saying, "When you reach Detroit, instead of going to the Russell House, go to that address. I am acquainted with the lady. She is a friend of mine, a very nice lady. I will send her word that you are coming, so she will be ready to receive you."

On reaching Niagara Falls, Joseph decided to remain a few days to get rested. We stopped at the Cataract Hotel, the proprietor seeing how ill my husband was treated us with great kindness and gave us a room on the first floor. We remained three days, but although it was the month of June, the air was chilly, even the bedding was damp from the heavy spray. I think my husband took more cold and grew worse day by day.

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While passing through Canada, I saw a queer looking house and called Joseph's attention to it. It was made of logs ; a bed was on one side of the room, a stove in the middle, and a cow was tied up on the other side, while children and chickens occupied the remainder of the room. I had never seen anything like it before. I said the people must have been burned out, and were staying there till they could rebuild. The conductor hearing what I said, asked me where I had been living. I replied, "In Boston." "Well," said he, "that is a log house, and the farther you go West the more numerous you will find such dwellings." I asked my husband if he lived in such dwellings, (for he had never told me how his people lived.) He said, "Don't feel troubled, Mary, if I live you shall have a nice little house to live in."

We reached Detroit in the evening, took a carriage to the address the gentleman gave me, and found the house belonged to the Rev. J. M. Arnold. I rang the bell. A gentleman opened the door. I inquired if Mrs. Arnold was at home. "Yes," said he, "how have you been since I saw you?" I turned to my husband and said, "I think we have come to the wrong house." "O, no," said the gentleman, and lit

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the hall-lamp. I then saw it was the same gentlemen who had given me the address. "Why," said I, "do you live here?" "Yes," said he. "Well," said I, "who is the lady you are acquainted with. Said he, "She is my wife, a very nice lady indeed, and will be pleased to entertain you."

Supper was announced, but I was so homesick (I had never been so far from home before, I could not eat. Mr. Arnold, seeing I was so downhearted, said "Sister Cabay, while you are eating please remember I pay for the food, and eat accordingly." Tears started to my eyes and a choking sensation came into my throat. I asked Mrs. Arnold to excuse me, and I left the table. As I left the room, Mrs. A. said, "I am sorry you spoke so to Mrs. Cabay, she does not understand you were joking." "O, well," said he, "if she is so sensitive the rough school of the West is just the place to discipline her." The last time I sat at his table, six months before his death, he asked if I remembered what he told me the first time I was there." "Oh, yes," said I. "Well," said he, "I say the same thing now." I replied, "I was glad that he instead of myself would pay for the food, so I could eat all I wanted." "Ah," said he, "she

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has become a graduate." He and his dear wife were very kind to us. We spent a week in their hospitable home.

Some of the ministers called to see us, also the agent for the Indians, who gave us a letter of introduction to a gentleman of Bay City, named Boutelle. This gentleman and his wife treated me more like a daughter than a stranger. His son, Capt. R. Boutell, and family, have been the kindest friends I have had in Bay County. May heaven reward them, they have cheered and helped me in many a dark hour.

While staying with those kind people my husband grew rapidly worse. One of the Indians from Saganing, Joseph's parents' home, happened to be in Bay City with his boat. Mr. Boutelle engaged him to take us to the Indian village. A bed was put into the boat and some gentlemen carried Joseph down and put him on board and made him as comfortable as they could. We reached Saganing just before sunset. I had never seen a full-blooded Indian, for my husband was part white, and was afraid of them. I had sent a letter to Joseph's father before we left Boston, but on reaching his home learned it had not been received. Consequently, his relatives knew nothing of our mar-

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riage and were much surprised to see us. Mr. Irons, the Indian preacher, who understood some English, told the family I was Joseph's wife. They all shook hands with me.

Shawwenanee, Joseph's aunt, kissed me. I took to her at once. She was always kind to me. My husband slept but little that night. Shawwenanee sat by his bedside and gave him drink. She made me lie down, but I could not sleep. When the hour came for retiring, I wondered where the family would sleep. One of the Indian girls took some chairs and turned them upside down and covered them with a blanket. The younger children crawled under the blanket and slept on the floor. The next morning several of the natives came in and shook hands with us. Some of the women kissed me. Food was brought to me, but I could not eat, I was so anxious about my poor sick husband. About twelve o'clock, the chief blew a horn, and as many of the Indians as could, came into the room, while the others sat upon the grass outside. Joseph took my hand and said, "Mary, my dear wife, I want you to make me a promise before I leave you. It is a hard one. Will you stay with my people, take my place among them, and try to do for them

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what I would have done if God had spared my life?" I cried out, "Oh, Joseph, don't leave me, it is so lonesome here." Said he, "Please make the promise and I shall die happier. Jesus will help you keep it." Then seeing how earnestly he was waiting my reply and that his breath was growing shorter, I at last said, "Yes, I will do as you wish." Said he, "Thank you; you are my brave little wife. May God bless and keep my darling." His father and the interpreter came to the bedside, and the interpreter said, "The chief will now go through the ceremony of adopting you into the family." Taking my hand and putting it over Joseph's, he then placed his right hand over mine, saying, "God is about taking my son Joseph to Himself. The love I have had for him I now give to you. You are hereafter a daughter to me in the same sense that he has been a son." He then raised his eyes heavenward and asked God to bless his white daughter, and help her to love her Indian brothers and sisters and do them much good. He then gave me an Indian name, it was Wah Sash Kah Moqua, which means "There was darkness but your coming brings light." My dear husband smiled and said, "Now I am satisfied," kissed me, looked up and

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said, "Dear Saviour, receive my spirit," and was gone from earth. As I looked upon his lifeless form, I felt that life was very dark. I was so lonely, so desolate, I was far from home, no white people within several miles of the place, nor did I understand one sentence of their language. I cannot tell any one my feelings. As I stood by his grave weeping, the interpreter's wife came to me and said, in broken English, "What for you stand here crying, your husband not here, he with God."

For a long time after Joseph's death, I would go to his grave before retiring for the night, say my evening prayers, lay my head down where his head rested, and cry till I had no more tears to shed. At last the weather became so cold I was obliged to give up my nightly visits there.

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CHAPTER VII.

MY SECOND MARRIAGE.

During the time I remained a widow, a cousin of my husband, named Peter Sagatoo, supplied me with wood, and learning I was fond of cod-fish, each time he went to Bay City would invariably bring me a fish. I offered to pay him for the wood and fish, but he seemed hurt that I should offer him money. He said, "you were my cousin's wife and I like to be kind to you."

I had been a widow nearly two years, when one morning Cabay, my first husband's father, with Peter's father, came to have a talk with me. Cabay said it was a custom in his tribe that when a husband died, after one year the nearest relative would select another companion for the widow, and the man selected would take a load of wood to the woman, and if she burned the wood it was a sign she was willing to share his fireside, but if she refused to burn the wood they would select another man for her, and if she burned the wood and then refused to marry the man she would be put to death. "Now," said

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he, "you have burned the wood Peter brought to you, what you going to do? Take Peter?" I was both surprised and frightened, and told Cabay I did not wish to marry any one, that I wanted to do the work that Joseph asked of me, and when God called me from earth go to my dear husband. "No," said he, "you are too young to live alone, with no one to get you wood and venison." I then asked if I would be put to death if I did not marry Peter. He said, "No, we are Christians now; we don't kill anyone, but we must punish you some way, for it is a disgrace to Peter; you take wood and fish." I then told him I had offered to pay him for the wood and fish but he refused to take the money. I then learned that during the time the woman remained a widow she did not wash her face nor change her clothing. At the expiration of one year her wigwam, clothes, and cooking utensils were burned. A new house, new clothes, and new husband were given to her. I then asked why I had not been told of this custom before I burned the wood. He said, "Because we want you to take Peter, he good man and likes you."

As soon as the men left my room, I packed my clothing into my trunk and started by boat

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for Bay City, reaching there about 3 P. M. I had been in my friend's house but a few minutes when her son Benjamin came into the room and said, "There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you." This surprised me as I had so few acquaintances in that place. I went into the parlor and found Peter Sagatoo there. Said I, "How came you here, and what do you want of me?" Said he, "I heard you had gone to Bay City, and I started on horseback, getting here before the boat, and went into the store till you got off the boat, and I saw you go to Mr. Boutelle's house." He talked to me a long time and seemed so sad I pitied him. We were married the next day, Sunday.

When my relatives heard of my second marriage they were so displeased they held no communication with me for several months. This troubled me so much I became very ill. The doctor said he was afraid I would not live, and advised sending for my father. My hour had not come, and after four months' illness I got well again. I then wrote to my mother to come to see me, and perhaps the family would not feel so bitter toward me when they knew how I happened to make a second marriage. My dear mother came and remained two months, and

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finding me so much better situated than she had expected, told my father, on her return to Boston, that it was best to overlook the past. The next year my parents sent an invitation to Peter to come on with me and visit Boston. We had a nice visit. Peter was treated kindly and enjoyed his visit very much.

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CHAPTER VIII.

STARTING A SABBATH SCHOOL.

The first Sabbath I attended religious service, the preacher said to me, "Sister, you do not now understand our language, but when I tell you my sermon is about Jesus, you will understand that." He then read my church letter to the Indians, after which they all shook hands with me. I then told them I would like to start a Sabbath school. The preacher said, "I tell you same thing Jesus said to the bible Peter, 'feed my lambs.'"

After the morning service I got the children together, and with the aid of the interpreter told the children about the great Father in heaven, that he made the world in six days and rested the seventh day; that the first man he made he called Adam, then he made a woman and called her Eve; that God made Adam out of red earth—that was the meaning of the name Adam. The next Sabbath I asked the children if they remembered what I had told them the previous Sabbath. They said, "Ahnede" (yes).

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"Well," said I, "how long did it take God to make the world?" The children answered, "Goodwasa kezhequd" (six days). "Now, please tell me the name of the first man God made." They said, "Adam." I asked why God called him by that name. One of the boys said, "Because He made him out of an Indian" (red earth). "Now give me the name of the first woman?" The same boy answered "Mrs. Adam." "Now, children, tell me why God rested the seventh day?" "O he daakush kiya kikma" (he was tired and lazy).

The school has been kept up all these years. Many of the children learned to love the Saviour and some have died rejoicing in the hope of a home in heaven. One dear little Indian girl, named Eliza, (Ahkebemosa) aged twelve years, was sick several months with consumption. I visited her almost daily during her illness. When she felt she was dying she sent for me to come and hold her hand. She said, "Wah Sash Kah Moqua, I love you. I want you to hold my hand till Jesus takes it, to help me over there," pointing with the other hand heavenward.

Another of my scholars was taken sick. His name was Willie Michininah, aged ten years.

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The day he died he said, "Teacher, I want to thank you for telling us Indian children about Jesus, and when I get to heaven I will tell him about you, and when you come to the door of heaven I will ask Jesus to give you a room next to mine (he meant a mansion) so we can be together all the time up there." He then asked me to kiss him good-bye. Thus died dear little Willie.

Soon after the death of my husband, the Government Agent came to Saganing to pay the annuities to the Indians. Where there was a number in one family this would be quite a sum of money for them. I was appointed teacher of the day with a salary of $400 per annum. The first $100 given me for teaching I took to Saginaw, spent $90 of it in buying clothing and dishes for the Indians. The Indian preacher had three plates, three knives, three cups and saucers and three pewter spoons. The preacher and wife were to use one each of the above named articles, but the third one was for the white minister from Isabella, who came once in three months to preach to the Indians. I had forgotten to say that this preacher, Rev. E. Young, happened to come to Saganing the same day my husband died. It was he who

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preached the funeral sermon. I taught five years under the government, then the annuities ceased, but I kept the school one year and three months free. Then the Indians who had agreed to accept a reservation in Isabella paid for the land in Saganing, and consequently were compelled to pay taxes. This did not please the Indians, and, indeed, no impartial mind could blame them, for before the white man came the red man roved where he pleased, but now he was obliged to remain on the small parcel of ground he had been able to pay for.

A district school was started. I taught the first quarter to establish it, allowing the Indians the money to help get clothing for their little ones. During all these years I helped those people in every way I could, and solicited help for them from my friends. Bishop Gilbert Haven sent three barrels of clothing which I distributed among them. There was not enough clothing to give every one a suit, and those who did not get any were angry with me. I took my own money, went to Bay City and got garments for all who needed them, it costing me a little over $60. But that was the last time I asked clothing for them, for I found out it would not do to give to one and not to the

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whole tribe; it caused so much jealousy. When they were sick I got them medicine, and when they died I gave the relatives grave clothes for their dead, but after a time it became an expense that I could not sustain.

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CHAPTER IX.

BUILDING THE CHURCH.

I had been teaching several years, and now made up my mind to give up the school for a time and try to get money to build a framed church; we had been worshipping in a log house, which was very cold and too small for the congregation. My husband called a council, and asked the Indians how much money they were willing to give to build a new church. They said they would give two hundred dollars. I told them the white people would ask me how much they were willing to do for themselves, and I would be glad to tell them the Indians would do so much toward a respectable place of worship.

I went to Boston, told my kind friend, Bishop Gilbert Haven, that I was there for the purpose of getting money to build a church for the Indians, and asked him to tell me how to go to work. "Yes," said he, "I will help you." He gave me thirty dollars and some letters, which, he said, would bring me more money. I col-

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lected four hundred and fifty dollars in Boston, the Misses Wigglesworth, of Park St,, giving me three hundred of this amount. I then returned to Saganing and wrote an appeal for help in the *Bay City Chronicle.* Mr. James Shearer read the appeal and sent for me to come to see him. This kind gentleman told me he would give me one hundred dollars, and if I wished would plan the work and secure the workmen. I thanked him and told him the Indians promised to hew out the foundation, and after that I would be very grateful if he would secure the carpenters.

The Indians had sent to Canada for one of their friends, who was a house-builder, to come to Saganing to raise the frame. I did not know of this till the man came to my house, and asked me how much I would pay him a day. I told him a gentleman at Bay City had promised to send some men to build the church. Seeing that trouble was ahead if I did not employ this Indian, I hired him, giving him three dollars a day, telling him I would only need his services in raising the frame. When this was done, the Indians said if he would stay and finish the building they would give him five dollars per day, and send five dollars to his wife as a pres-

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ent. I asked them where they would get the money to give this man. They replied, "You must get it from white folks." "Why," said I, "are not you people going to keep your promise to give two hundred dollars?" They said, "No, white man got rich on their lands and must give money to make church."

I dismissed the Canadian, went to Bay City to see Mr. Shearer, but he was not at home. I secured the services of a man, left my watch as security to Mr. Lord for a ticket, then started for New York, told Bishop Harris and Dr. Dashiel my errand. They promised to help, but said they had a system about giving money. They then asked if I knew of any responsible person near us. I spoke of Mr. Shearer. They said they were not acquainted with the gentleman, and asked if the presiding elder came to our place I told them the elder had not been to Saganing for a long time. They said, "I think the missionary society will give you two hundred dollars as soon as we find a responsible person to take charge of it." A friend of mine, living in Detroit, wrote me I could put him down for two hundred more, and through the kindness of Rev. W. X. Ninde, (now Bishop,) Pastor of Central Church, I received a little

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over seventy dollars. I returned to my home and set the men to work. The Indians asked me if I meant to pay them for getting out the foundation. I told them I could not give them any more money (I had paid them one dollar and twenty-five cents per day when they first commenced the work) as they did not give me even one dollar of the two hundred they had promised. They became very angry, and told the white men not to work for me, that they would not get their pay.

One day, I started for Bay City to get some things the carpenters needed, and while waiting for the train I saw a gentleman get off the train from Bay City. I noticed some of the Indians go up and shake hands with the stranger. I wondered who he was. The morning was pleasant when I started, but during the day it stormed so hard that on reaching my home I froze my feet, for I had to walk two and one half miles in the storm. My feet were so painful that I did not go to church on the Sabbath. Toward evening, I saw the stranger I had seen at the station coming to our door. My husband opened the door and invited him in. He introduced himself as Rev. O. J. Perrin, and said that the conference had appointed him elder. I told

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him I was sorry I did not know that when I saw him get off the train, for I would have returned home. I then asked why he did not send us word he was coming. He replied he had sent word to Daniel Hall, who was a local preacher. I told him Daniel had said nothing to us about it. "Why," said he, "Bro. Hall told me you went to Bay City to avoid meeting me. That you had been stealing the church money and did not wish to see me." I cannot tell my readers what my feelings were when I heard this. Said I, "Did you believe such a story about me?" "Well," said he, "I did not know what to think. I had sent word I was coming Saturday, and when I got here I found you were leaving town." My husband got the pocket-book and handed the elder one hundred and fifteen dollars. I then told him I would give him a statement of all I had collected and the amount I had spent. He took the money and asked my husband to go with him to the church (for he had remained with me during the day my feet were so painful) and ask the Indians what proof they had that I had stolen the money. The Elder then showed them the money and told them I could punish them for accusing me of stealing. I then gave the elder the names of

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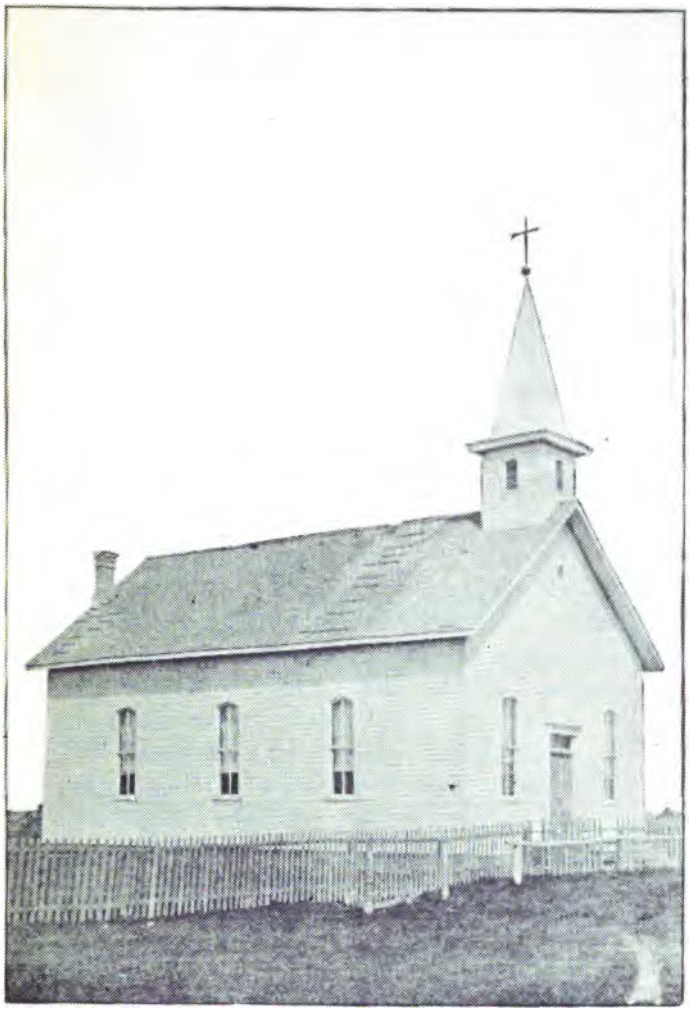

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those who had promised me money, viz., the Missionary Society of New York, $200, my friend at Detroit, $200, Mr. Lord, of Osceda, $50, (I had borne my own expenses to secure these pledges) and asked him to write to these persons for the money.

The men who were working on the church hearing that the Elder was going to take charge of the church building, asked me for money to pay his men. "Why," said I, "I gave you $150 two weeks ago, and you have not given me anything for the men's board." "Well," said he, "I will allow you $50, and when I come back will pay you the rest." There were five men beside the foreman. They went to Bay City Saturday afternoon, but did not come back to Saganing again. We waited several days and could find nothing of their whereabouts, and the presiding Elder secured a man from West Bay City to finish the building.

Mr. James Shearer, President of the Bank who had given me the $100, loaned me $200 to complete the work. I started for Philadelphia to see Dr. Kynett, of the church extension, to see if they could help me. He said, "You see what you can do at Washington," (for I had told him I was going there) "then come back

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here and we will see what we can do for you." I went to Washington, asked the Secretary of the Interior if the Department would be willing to give me some help toward our church. He said, "The government did not give anything to build churches for the Indians." He then asked me how long since I was married. I began to count from the first time I had been married. "Good Heavens," said he, "you did not marry two of them?" I asked, "Was there anything wrong in so doing?" "Well, I do not know as there was, if you took only one at a time." "Well," said I, "that is what I did do. I waited till one had been dead two years before I married the second one." "Well," said he, "if you had been my sister or daughter you would not have been allowed to do it."

I went on to Baltimore. Bishop Ames gave me five dollars and Rev. — Way gave me another five. This was all I got at those two cities. I returned to Philadelphia, but Dr. Kynett was not in town. I returned home quite disappointed, for I had taken all the money from my husband's store to pay travelling expenses, thinking that at the dedication of the church I would get back the money I had spent travelling.

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The church was dedicated free of debt, but except $35 the Elder allowed me to keep, I got nothing back of all I had expended. Could the Indians know the very hard things I had to bear on their account, they would feel more gratitude than they have manifested toward me. Still, I cannot help feeling sorry for them, when I think of the many wrongs they have been compelled to endure from the white people, and dislike to hear anything said against them.

We have never been able to re-open our little store. After the dedication of the church, my husband was taken ill with typhoid fever; he was sick four months. Those were sad days. We had no money, after paying the doctor who attended him, to buy food; we had nothing but corn meal and salt.

Mrs. Spear, of Pine River, hearing how destitute we were, gave me a sack of flour, some tea, sugar, and a piece of pork. Heaven bless all those who were so kind to us in our hour of need. One of Mrs. Spear's daughters is the wife of Capt. Boutelle of Bay City. For thirty-three years those dear people have been among the kindest friends I had in Michigan.

Daniel Hall, the Indian who accused me of

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stealing the church money, was the first person buried from our new church. The Indians are very proud of their house of worship and are regular in attendance, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. There is one thing needs special mention. When the benediction is pronounced, instead of rushing out of the building, they take their seats a few seconds, then one after another they go out silently. To me it looks as if they had a reverence for God's house. They are good singers. Many of them sing by note and play the organ. Two families have organs and most of them have sewing machines. The young women cut and make their own dresses and strive to keep up to the fashions. Many of them are quite neat about their homes; they take pride in having their stores bright and their floors are clean and white. Some of the young men are quite particular about the color of their neckties and are very proud of their watch-chains.

I will relate how one young Indian secured a wife. He had been to her father's house several times, but the young girl cared nothing for him. At last he hit upon a plan that he thought would work well. The next time he went to her father's house, before entering he pinned a dol-

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lar bill on the outside of his trousers' pocket. When the girl saw the money, she thought he must be rich and consented to become his wife. Soon after the marriage she needed some money, and as her husband was not at home, she went to his pocket to get it, but feeling none, she concluded he had borrowed the money and used it as bait to catch her.

A field meeting was appointed at a little town called Kah Kahlin. At the close of the afternoon session, the Indian preacher announced that there were three couple to be married. While the second couple were being married, the third bride-elect ran off into the woods and could not be found. The young man after searching for her returned to the grove, the tears rolling down his cheeks. This was in the month of September. Both of these persons had been my scholars in the day and Sabbath school. "Quarterly Meeting" had been appointed in our town for the 1st of December. We learned that John and Lizzie (the names of the third couple before mentioned) had agreed to be married at this meeting The presiding Elder told my husband to call these persons to the altar. When the minister asked John if he would take this woman for his wedded wife, he

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replied, "Yes, I will," and grabbed Lizzie's hand. When she was asked if she would take John for her husband, she drew her shawl over her head and said "He-he-he." The preacher was convulsed with laughter. They were made one to the great delight of John.

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CHAPTER X.

WHITE SUGAR FOR TWO.—PAINTING THE CHURCH.

A number of white people have moved into our town, many of them Catholics, whose children take part in our Christmas and "Children's Day" exercises. The parents have always treated me with respect. There are about the same number of Protestant whites of different denominations, who attend service when the white minister preaches in the church. We have had a number of white preachers occupy the pulpit in our church, some from Boston. Dr. Pardington, of Brooklyn, has preached for us a number of times in years gone by, also Rev. A. C. Shaw.

I was expecting two preachers from the Bay Cities to preach on the Sabbath. They came on Friday, a day sooner than I expected; we had plenty of brown sugar in the house, but very little white sugar, and a small piece of cake. We had sent to Bay City for groceries, and were waiting for the boat to get to Saga-

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ning. I told my husband to use the brown sugar for his tea, and leave the white for the minister's, and as there was so little cake, I told my little daughter, (a child I adopted when nine months old) aged three and one-half years, that if the cake were passed to her to say, "No, thank you," and I would make her a nice little cake for herself. When I passed the tea to my husband, he took up the bowl with the white sugar to sweeten his tea. Little Alice said, "Papa, Mamma told you to use the brown sugar and leave the white for the ministers." One of the preachers passed the cake to her. She said, "No, thank you, mamma told me there was only enough for the ministers and she is going to make a cake for me to eat all alone." The ministers appeared not to notice what the child said, but their wives afterwards told me their husbands pitied me.

Six years ago, I went to Boston to get money to paint and repair our church, which had become quite shabby. The good people then gave me $260, which I used in painting the building inside and out, had the old seats altered into pews, and two aisles, with fresh matting for them, a new carpet for the chancel, three plush chairs, six common chairs and two brick

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chimneys. Rev. — Ryan gave us some glass for the transom. Capt. B. Boutelle gave $25 and Mrs. Boutelle gave us a handsome clock. I should have said I got $237 in Boston and Capt. Boutell gave $25, making in all $262.

The Indians, with the aid of some of the white people of Saganing, re-plastered the church before I collected the money to paint it, so the church looks quite neat. Our presiding Elder is R. Weedhams, who resides at Bay City. Our white minister is Rev. Geo. Huckle, who preaches once in two weeks. Our Sabbath School meets after the morning service. We have four local preachers, six class leaders and two exhorters; two of our class leaders have died since last November.

There is a nice brick schoolhouse where both white and Indian children are taught the common English branches. There are three stores, two in the Indian village and one at the station. The land is excellent for farming; a little creek runs through the centre of our town into the Bay, about five minutes' walk from our house.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The origin of the North American Indians has been a subject of deep interest to historians and scientists ever since this continent was discovered, four hundred years ago. It has claimed the attention of the most intelligent minds, and their researches, though deep and laborious, have brought to light but little of a satisfactory nature to reward their efforts, and we are forced to the conclusion that the veil of mystery that enshrouds the origin of this interesting race of humanity will never be lifted this side of eternity.

The countless theories advanced by the numerous writers who have made this subject almost a life-long study, are vague and unsatisfactory, being mere conjectures, without foundation in facts. The Indians themselves can give no light which will assist in solving this great problem. That the various tribes which used to roam over this vast continent originally descended from one source, there can be little

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doubt, for in their manners and customs, arts and antiquities, and in their physical and mental traits and characteristics there is a general similitude.

Study the peculiar characteristics of each individual tribe as closely as possible, and we must admit that in the far distant past they were all one family, but where such a race can be supposed to have had its origin it is in vain for historians to inquire. In their oral narration of ancient epochs, there is nothing that appeals to credulity. Everything is allegorical and mythological, a mere incongruous mass of absurdities. As a race, they are more celebrated for preserving fables than facts; they are without any mode of denoting their chronology, without letters, without power of mind or hand to record truthfully events as they occur, and the more we attempt to penetrate the mystery surrounding their past history the more fruitless and unsatisfactory the task appears.

For the past thirty-three years, I have been deeply interested in this much abused and downtrodden race, living and laboring among the Chippewas on Saginaw Bay. When first I made my home with them, the tribe numbered between three and four hundred, but they have

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dwindled to less than half that number, consumption, that terrible scourge of the red man, having made sad havoc in their ranks. I found this tribe living in a state of semi-heathenism, destitute of the common necessaries of life, discouraged, disconsolate, and in the depths of degradation. Their rude hovels were filthy in the extreme, their persons and apparel were in a most revolting condition; neglected, downtrodden, despised, with but little knowledge of the beneficent influences of Christianity, they had little to live for. In all their dealings with the white man, they had ever found him disposed to take advantage of their poverty and ignorance.

To secure their timber lands, which had been granted to them by the United States Government, has been the aim of numerous white men engaged in lumbering operations in that region. Thousands of acres of pine land, rich in timber of the choicest quality, has been wrested from them in the most unscrupulous manner by these merciless schemers, and it was impossible for the poor Indian to obtain any redress, being totally ignorant of the forms of law by which their wrongs could be righted. Is it surprising, then, that they looked upon all white persons

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who came among them with distrust and as their bitterest enemies; that the visits of even a few missionaries, who sought to lift them out of their degradation by the civilizing influences of the Gospel, were considered of a mercenary nature; that they opposed Christianity and civilization as the advent of a destroyer, which would eventually sweep them from the face of the earth. Considering their experience with the white man, it is not strange that these prejudices should have taken deep root in their untutored minds, and that to remove them was almost an impossibility.

To picture the numberless wrongs inflicted upon these poor "Sons of the Forest" since the white man landed on these shores, would tax the ability of the most brilliant and accomplished orator. Driven from their ancestral domains, which had belonged to them for centuries, and to which they were bound by ties of the strongest nature, forced to flee before the ever steady advance of civilization further and further into the far Western wilds, far away from the loved haunts of their childhood, away from the hills and valleys, meadows and streams, dear to their hearts by associations of the most sacred character, what wonder they rebelled

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against the inexorable mandate of the pale faces? That blood, murder, rapine and devastation mark their course? That atrocities of the most inhuman and barbarous character were perpetrated? No impartial mind can conscientiously condemn them, for, be it remembered, they had experienced little or no kindness from the white strangers, whilst their rude and savage natures taught them to return evil for evil. To forget an injury is not a trait of Indian character. Bitterness, engendered by the injustice done them in the past, still slumbers in their breast, and requires but a slight provocation to arouse it into active life.

I have seen the older members of our tribe weep and lament the change that has overtaken their race. Many of them still mourn for the past; for the days of Indian chivalry, when they pursued a nomadic life, and were the sole proprietors of this vast Continent. Had the white man come to these shores in the same spirit of love and peace as did William Penn, Elliott and other humanitarians, who saw the image of God in the poor red man as in the white, how much suffering to both races might have been saved. How different would be the early history of our country, each page of which is now red with

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blood and heart-sickening tales of horrible massacre.

The Indian heart is ever open to acts of kindness; they are not the brutal race they have been depicted. They possess traits of humanity which vie with those of their white brothers; they desire to live in peace with the pale faces, so long as they are not imposed upon; this feeling they have always displayed. When the messenger of truth came with the loving words of peace and good will to all mankind, how quickly the poor Indian buried his tomahawk, broke his scalping knife, and with a bright smile and a welcome shake of the hand, exclaimed, "Po-sho Chemaka-man" — ("How do you do, white man?") "We glad to see you here; plenty room for both of us if you are not too avaricious; let us stay where we are; do not drive us any further and we not trouble you." Such would have been the course pursued by them, had the white man in all his dealings been governed by Christian motives.

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CHAPTER XII.

THEIR PROGRESS AS I HAVE WITNESSED IT.

During the thirty-three years I have spent with the Indians, I have had an opportunity to study their natures thoroughly, going among them before they were wholly reclaimed from their superstitious ideas. I have watched closely the development of their character under the influence of civilization and Christianity, and have been both surprised and happy to note the marvellous results so short a time had shown. This has been produced only after the most discouraging efforts to eradicate from their minds the bitter animosity they entertained toward the whites, and to overcome their belief in the absurd traditions which have descended from one generation to another, and to which they clung with strong tenacity. In the origin, ancient manners and customs of this tribe I have been very much interested, and my researches, though pursued under the most trying circumstances, have brought to light much that is new and of a highly interesting character.

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To understand something of their language, to aid me in prosecuting my inquiries, was my first object. This accomplished, together with winning the confidence of the older members of the tribe, my task was soon completed. I will state here that before I had learned anything of their language, I was often annoyed, nor did I become any richer by these misunderstandings. I will explain. One morning, my husband, who was keeping store, said, "I am going to Bay City to get supplies for the store, and if the wind is favorable, I will return sometime in the night but do not wait up for me, put some lunch upon the table and I will wait on myself." After he was gone, I went into the store and got a large ham, thinking if I boiled the small end it would help make a nice lunch for him, and taking the ham in my hands went out into the yard where an Indian was splitting wood, and asked him if he would please cut the ham in two, and pointing with my finger where I wished him to cut it, he took the meat from my hands, with a smile on his face, saying, "Ah me gwetch chejunishin sah." I thought what a nice, obliging, old man he was, he seemed so pleased to accommodate me. I went into the house, made a fire, and put on the kettle to cook the ham; then I

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went to the store to see what kept him so long, and saw him first going into his own house. I then thought perhaps he had gone into his house to get his hunting-knife to cut the ham, and, although that was thirty-one years ago, he has not yet brought that ham back to me. My husband returned some time in the night, and as I was awake, he said, "What does my father mean about your giving him a ham? He says that he and the family have had a feast." I then told him I had asked his father to cut the ham in two and that he took it to his home but had not brought it back, and I thought I would wait till he came home to know what to do about it. He burst out laughing, and said, "Oh, Mary, my father thought you gave him the ham, and says he is so glad that I married you, that you are the kindest-hearted person he had ever seen. Please do not let him know of his mistake, for he would feel badly about it." The next day the old gentleman told the Indians if they were hungry to go to his white daughter-in-law, she would give them something to eat; that she was very kind-hearted, for she had given him a whole ham the day before. At another time, I had made a large dish of doughnuts to sell in the store. I was on my way to put them in the

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glass case when Peter's (my husband's) father came into the store to get some matches. I asked him if he would like a doughnut. He said, "Ah-nin-da," (yes) and took the dish of doughnuts home. I then learned that it was a custom with the people that if you offered them anything that you gave them the whole of it. I was more careful afterwards to give them only what I wished them to have.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE INDIAN'S IDEA OF THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

The Indian's ideas of the creation of the world were ludicrous and absurd. They believed the earth was created by a great spirit called Nan-a-po-sho, who dwelt in space and possessed many of the attributes ascribed to the Christian deity. He first made an otter, a beaver, a musk-rat and a fox, and by their aid succeeded in creating an island, for at that time the world was a vast expanse of water without soil or vegetation, knowing that at the bottom of the water sand or mud was to be found. He prevailed upon the otter to go down into the deep and bring up as much mud or sand as he could conveniently carry in his mouth and paws. The otter, proud of the distinction of being chosen by so high a magnate to perform so important a task, willingly consented, and after three unsuccessful attempts came to the surface so exhausted, he fell dead at the feet of Nan-a-po-sho. The services of the beaver were

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next called into requisition, and he, too, after three unsuccessful attempts expired. The Great Spirit determined to make the musk-rat perform the perilous journey; twice the musk-rat descended and brought up a large quantity of sand each time, but after a third trial he, too, became powerless and died.

Nan-a-po-sho was very sorry to lose his assistants, but determined to make the best of the work they had begun. Collecting the sand in a heap, he commanded the fox to take his position in the centre of it; when all was in readiness, he told the fox to run around the heap and spread the sand out with his bushy tail until it was large enough for an island. At the expiration of three days, the fox had spread the sand over an area of several hundred acres, which so pleased Nan-a-po-sho that he determined to create a being to inhabit the island thus formed.

Taking the dead bodies of the beaver and the musk-rat, he removed the entrails, and making an incision in his left side, poured some of the blood from his own body into the skins of the animals, filling them up as far as the neck, which he tied up with locks of hair from his own head. He then secured a fish, the small bones of which he used for the limbs of man, while the back-

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bone was used to give the object he was creating strength and an upright position. When he had progressed thus far, he opened the mouth and breathed into it till it came into life; he then called it enenah, or man. So pleased was Nan-a-po-sho with the success of his project that he commenced to talk to the object he had just created, but made the discovery that the man was speechless. Upon examination, he found there was some trouble with his tongue; taking a stone of a dark red color resembling blood he broke it in two and with it scraped the tongue of enenah until he cried out "Gago" (stop).

The duty of the man was to take care of the corn, squash and tobacco the Great Spirit had provided for his sustenance. At times the man seemed so lonely, Nan-a-po-sho bethought himself to make a companion for him. With a portion of the musk-rat, parts of the fish and a bone taken from the shoulder of man, he created equa (woman) and taking her to the man said, "See, I have made a companion for you to assist in planting your corn, skinning your musk-rats and carrying your burdens. I have made her very strong."

The belief that a bone taken from the shoul-

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der of man to make woman, is the reason why the females were obliged to perform the manual labor, such as carrying the bedding and the poles to erect their wigwams, the males thinking, as a portion of the shoulder-blade was given to the woman, she must necessarily be the stronger of the two. When first I made my home with them, my heart would often ache for the poor squaws whom I have seen carrying heavy loads upon their backs, while the men would walk before them smoking their pipes, and totally indifferent to the poor wife and daughter trudging wearily behind. But I am glad to say much of this is now changed; the men perform the greater part of the manual labors, while the women are more closely occupied by domestic cares. Such was the peculiar belief of the Indians before they embraced Christianity.

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CHAPTER XIV.

CONQUERING OF THE SANKS BY THE CHIPPEWAS.

The Indians, although claiming to have occupied this Continent for centuries past, believe that originally they came from some far distant land, that they crossed a great body of water, and journeyed for months through a barren wilderness entirely destitute of vegetation, and covered with snow and ice; that they travelled in a southeasterly direction, indicating apparently that they came by the way of Behring Strait.

Tradition states that when they came to the place now occupied by their descendants, they found a very powerful and warlike race known by the name of Sanks, who held undisputed sway throughout all the region now known as Eastern Michigan. This tribe was proud and despotic and looked upon the new comers as usurpers, hence their greatest desire was to annihilate them. For years a bitter and terrible animosity existed between the two tribes, resulting in the entire vanquishment of the Sanks, and the occupancy of their beautiful lands by

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the Chippewa nation. The history of these terrible wars was preserved in minute details in the oral tradition of the tribe to the present day.

From Nanck-chic-qua-ming, who was one of the head chiefs of the Chippewa tribe, was obtained a vivid description of the scenes and incidents connected with the final massacre and complete destruction of the entire race of Sanks. This old chief, who died some years ago at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-three years, was very kind-hearted but proud as a king. I will relate an instance which shows his proud nature. I had visiting me at the time a lady from the East, whom the old chief was desirous of seeing and shaking hands with. He came to my house for that purpose, dressed in his best suit, consisting of a dark blue coat with large brass buttons, a shirt reaching almost to the knees, and an old silk hat decorated with various kinds of feathers; his lower limbs were destitute of covering, with the exception of his feet which were encased in moccasins. His whole appearance was extremely ludicrous, for the old chief could not be induced to wholly adopt the white man's clothing.

In the room in which we were seated was a

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chair upholstered in crimson silk. As Nanck-chic-qua-ming entered the room, my friend observing his semi-nude state, and fearing that the contact of his person with the delicate fabric with which the chair was covered would soil it, offered him a cane-seated chair, which he indignantly refused, and, drawing himself majestically to his full height, exclaimed, "I do not accept your wooden chair; I am a big chief, and the silk chair is none too good for me to sit upon." He had several bead chains wound around his limbs. The lady asked him to sell her one to keep in remembrance of him. He said, "If you will be my wife" (he had four living with him) "you may have the one you like best." The lady said she must ask her white husband if he were willing to let her go with him.

The history of the annihilation of the Sanks by the Chippewas, as told me by Nanck-chic-qua-ming, is as follows: Three hundred and fifty years ago, the Sanks, who were a warlike and powerful tribe of Indians, occupied that part of the country now called Saginaw Valley, and as far north as the Straits of Mackinaw. The Saginaw Valley was regarded as the most beautiful and attractive portion of the lake region. Game of all kinds abounded. The bear, wolf

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and deer roamed throughout the forest, while fish filled the rivers and lakes. It was, indeed, an Indian's earthly paradise. The Sanks grew strong, and were dreaded by their less warlike, yet equally brave foes, the Chippewas, Ottawas, and their allies. They frequently went northward toward the Straits of Mackinaw, and fought the Chippewas and Ottawas; they also fought the tribes to the south of them, and those on the east across the lake in Canada.

In their expedition against other tribes they suffered great loss, but, usually, came off conquerors. Finally, they went North to do terrible battle against the Chippewas in the vicinity of Traverse Bay. The loss to the Chippewas was very great, but it served to rouse them to acts of the most gallant daring. The Sanks had offered the greatest indignity known in Indian warfare. They had captured and brought south, as prisoners, a Chippewa Indian and his wife; this was defiance to the Chippewa tribe, but though conquered they were not vanquished nor subdued in spirit.

Immediately after, the Sanks started leisurely on their return to the Saginaw Valley. The Chippewas, with their allies, organized a powerful force of not less than three thousand war-

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riors, and in canoes came by the way of the Straits of Mackinaw, down the shore near to such point as they expected the Sanks would reach the Saginaw Bay; this was not far from the mouth of Pine River, five miles north of our little Indian settlement, Saganing. The Chippewas reconnoitred their position, and followed them stealthily for several days, until the Sanks had passed up the Saginaw River, from its mouth to Skull Island. The Chippewas halted at the mouth of Squaconning Creek. The head chief was satisfied that Skull Island was to be made the scene of a great banquet or feast in honor of the victory the Sanks had achieved; this he therefore decided should be the time and place for a terrible conflict.

First of all, he desired to ascertain the exact location and surroundings of the Sanks' camping ground. To gain this information required the most trustworthy and daring spies. The chief called for volunteers from his powerful young braves, and of the number who came forward, he selected three, and sent them by night with instructions to penetrate to the very camp of the Sanks. How skilfully this service was performed will now be seen. One of the scouts, while lying near the camp of the Sanks spying

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out their position from the deep darkness surrounding, saw the Chippewa squaw whom they had captured, approaching, while on her way to bring water, she being required to do the service of a slave. The scout spoke to her in the language of his tribe, and induced her to come near so that they might converse. He learned that on the following night there was to be a great feast, and gave her such instructions as might save her life and that of her husband. The scout told her that at the approach of daylight, when the feasting and drinking had all ended and the camp was in a deep sleep, the Chippewas would suddenly and quietly enter and commence a dreadful massacre. To save the lives of the Chippewa and his wife, they were directed to lie on their faces, and when kicked or struck to endure it all without raising their heads or in any way showing signs of life.

The situation having been ascertained, the scouts returned speedily and made their report. Preparations were at once made to execute the plan of the massacre, and, accordingly, when revelry was to reign in the camp of the Sanks, the Chippewas landed with their main force on the south side of the island, while the balance returned to the opposite side with their canoes,

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so as to prevent the escape of any Sanks by that route.

Who can fitly describe the occasion and the scene of that bloody massacre? Here was the flower of the forces of the dreaded Sanks returned from a great battle with victory and defiance perching on their plumes. They had gained victories before, but this last was the most important of them all. They felt themselves to be the undisputed owners of all that great Lake region, and as a fitting demonstration their glory was to be crowned by a lordly feast.

There were the revengeful and desperate Chippewas, writhing under the mortification of defeat and defiance of their enemies in holding prisoners of their tribe as slaves. They were wary and daring, knowing full well that if on this expedition they failed, all would be lost, and they must retire from those favorite hunting-grounds bequeathed by their fathers. They were ready to do and die in a struggle to regain honor and possession of what seemed to be their rightful dominion.

All the arrangements having been perfected, the stealthy foes of the Sanks, on the morning after the banquet, quietly invaded the camp

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wherein all were probably sleeping, except the prisoners, and the massacre was soon commenced. The terrible work was speedily consummated, and the tradition is that not one of the Sanks escaped death.

The Chippewas remained in undisputed possession of the Saginaw region, until, by the treaty of 1819, when they seceded all but about forty thousand acres of the territory to the United States Government. The reservation was on the opposite side of the river near Bay City. This reservation was sold to the Government in 1836. Nanck-chic-qua-ming accompanied the other chiefs of his tribe and several white men to Washington for the purpose of perfecting the sale.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE INDIANS' FIRST IDEA OF HEAVEN.

The Indians' idea of heaven, or, as they term it, the happy hunting-ground, was beautiful and quite poetical. The very fact that every race wherever found, no matter how far removed from civilization, has some crude idea of a life hereafter, should be the most convincing argument in combating the false theories in regard to a future life.

The Hottentot, the South Sea Islander, the pagan, the most barbarous race wherever found, instinctively believe in a life beyond the grave. Nature has taught them that some Supreme Being governs and controls the universe; that as they live here so they will live hereafter; that their sins of omission and commission will meet the punishment they deserve. Although they may differ in many respects as to the locality and surroundings of their future home, yet all are agreed that a place is provided for every one; that the good and bad do not occupy the same sphere; that punishment is meted out to

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all who do not live up to the principles of their religious teachings. What more convincing proof is needed to overcome the prejudice of the most sceptical mind in regard to a Heavenly Father, who watches over and kindly cares for us.

The happy hunting-ground of the "Children of the Forest" was the most beautiful their rude imagination could conjecture. There was nature in all its glory. The ground was covered with a carpet of green, dotted with flowers of gorgeous hue; trees with an abundance of all kinds of fruit to please the taste; beautiful lakes on which with scarcely an effort they could glide in canoes of matchless beauty awaited their coming. A life of luxurious ease was to be the reward of all who served the Great Spirit while on earth; no pain, sickness nor death would mar their pleasure; there they would be forever blessed; all they could desire was furnished them, and henceforth they would live in a blissful and harmonious state. This country was presided over by a Being, whose watchful care provided for all their wants. Although everything their eyes beheld was beautiful, yet it was shadowy and intangible; nevertheless, they easily recognized their friends who looked more beautiful than in their earth-life.

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The passage to this happy place was over a deep, dark, roaring river. On either side arose precipitous banks, so steep and high, that any one falling into the stream could not mount the bank on either side, so henceforth their time was spent in throwing stones at the good spirits while crossing the plank to the other shore. Those who had lived a partially good life, but had offended the Great Spirit on several occasions, had more difficulty in crossing the plank. It took them years to get over; the time depended on the extent of their wickedness, but they succeeded in eventually reaching the opposite shore, and were accorded the same blessing as those who had lived an exemplary life.

I will relate an incident in the life of the old chief of the Ottawas, which was believed at the time by the entire tribe. The old chief was taken ill, and thought he was about to die. He had crossed partly over the plank, when a perfect shower of stones was hurled at him by the evil spirits, which so wounded him that he was obliged to retreat to the earthly side, as he was not in a presentable condition to appear before the Great Spirit, nor did he recover from the effect of the wounds for several months.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE INDIANS' BELIEF IN DREAMS.

The Indians are proverbial for their implicit belief in dreams. Whatever was revealed to them in sleep governed their lives to a great extent. Ottawa, the Chief of the Chippewas, took sides with the British in the war of 1812, the English telling him if he fought for the Yankees they would make slaves of the Indians. Ottawa said, "The yoke of slavery will never be put upon my neck." One of the American generals had displeased the old chief, and he was anxious to secure him and deal out to him the punishment which he thought he deserved. One night, Ottawa dreamed that he was lying on the bank of the Detroit River, and saw the General and some of his men pass around the bend of the river in a canoe. When he awoke, he told the dream to his warriors who were also firm believers in the Chief's presentiments. The next night they were in readiness awaiting the coming of the enemy. About midnight, they saw a boat containing five persons ap-

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proaching. The Indians put out in their canoe and succeeded in capturing them, one of whom proved to be the American general; four of the men were put to death on the spot, but the General was reserved for future torture.

The mission in Saganing, with which I am connected, was established in 1846, under Rev. George Bradley, assisted by Kah-be qua, a full-blooded Chippewa. Previous to that time, the Indians were totally ignorant of moral and religious teaching, and adhered closely to the superstitions of their ancestors, but by the persistent and self-sacrificing devotion of Mr. Bradley, the cause of religion triumphed, and he soon had reason to rejoice at the success of his mission. A preliminary council was first held with the old Chief, Ottawa, who said, "This is a new subject to me. I will try it one year, and if it proves satisfactory, I will then recommend it to my people."

A second council was called, and a prayer-meeting was held, at which a sermon was preached on the "Origin, Fall and Redemption of Man." So impressed was the old Chief with the truths he then heard, that he expressed a willingness to embrace the faith. His two sons, Cabay and Sagatoo, were also convinced of the

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importance of seeking their soul's salvation and became believers in Christ.

Every tribe has its "Medicine Man," who is considered endowed with supernatural powers conferred on him by the Great Spirit. To convert him was the great object of Mr. Bradley, and for this purpose he labored night and day, knowing full well, that if he succeeded, it would be the means of bringing others into the fold of Christ. Cochin, the "Medicine Man" of the Chippewas, was strongly opposed to the new belief. It would rob him of all his power. All night the missionary talked and prayed with him, but he could not endure the thought of giving up everything for Christ. Ah, how many white people are just as unwilling to yield all to the loving Saviour. But little by little his prejudices were overcome. He brought his tomahawk and laid it at the feet of the missionary. His scalping-knife was next sacrificed. He was told he must give up all before he could be saved. He was very uneasy, his conscience had become thoroughly awakened and would not let him rest. He retired to his blanket and tried to sleep, even placing his hands over his ears to shut out the voice of the praying missionary, but he could not sleep. He arose and

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taking his medicine-bag deposited that at the feet of the missionary, saying, as he did so, "Poor Cochin has now given up all, his power is now gone." The medicine-bag was the symbol of his power, and parting with it, he lost his supremacy among the tribe. He, with others, were soon after baptized, thus forming the nucleus of the society subsequently established.

Mr. Bradley took charge of the mission for two years, or till his health failed, then Rev. Edward Young came down occasionally, held meetings and baptized the children. Three years after I came to the mission, Rev. Manaseh Hickey came once in three months and administered the sacrament. We all loved Bro. Hickey. I was always glad when the time came for him to visit us. He was so kind and made our little home so cheerful. After he left the mission we were a long time without an elder. I would sometimes ask the minister from Bay City to come down through the week to preach for us.

I will tell my readers how one of our Indian class leaders died. His name was John Henry. He had been ailing for nearly a year. Three weeks before he died, he was in his place in the house of worship. He talked very earnestly to

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each member of his class, telling them if they wished to see Jesus they must live good, true lives; that coming to church and having their names on the class-book was not enough, that they must have Jesus at their homes and show His spirit in everything they said and did when they returned to their homes. After service he became very ill. I went to see him during the three weeks of his illness, but the Monday before he died hiccough had set in, then I knew our good class leader was going to leave us for his spirit home. When asked how he felt, he said, "Oh, I shall soon be with Jesus, neen-che-bah-penaindum." ("I am very happy.") He sent word to the Indians to come to his house, that he wanted to see them, shake hands with them and bid them good-bye. He said to me, "Wah Sash Kah Moqua, I tell you something now; I said last time in class meeting, 'Be faithful, by-and-by reward come to you.'" I prayed with him, holding his hand in mine. O, how happy he looked. I almost wished I could change places with him. As I looked upon the table where the members of the family had been partaking of their morning meal, I noticed they had nothing but potatoes and salt. I asked if they had tea, sugar and flour. The wife said

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"No." One of the neighbors who was informed of their destitute condition, took horse and cutter, went among the white people and got a good supply of provisions for them. John died Thanksgiving Day, mourned by all the Indians. We miss his kind voice in our meetings, but we know he is happy with the Saviour whom he loved while here on earth.

During the thirty-three years I have lived among the Indians, there have been over two hundred deaths. They are fast disappearing from among us; sometimes, two coffins have been placed side by side before the altar, indeed, there were so many dying, the Indian preacher appointed a day of fasting and prayer that God would stay the hand of death. The Indians say that before the white people came among them, they lived to be very old, sometimes till past one hundred years of age.

The question is often asked me, "Are you not sorry that you gave up home, friends, and the many comforts you have been denied by living among those people who have not a thought in common with you?" I always answer, "I did, indeed, give up my dear home, where I was very happy, and the many friends I loved in my youth, but to say I am sorry, I

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came to help the poor 'Children of the Forest,' I tell you a thousand times, no. I have the consciousness that I have tried to do all I could for my adopted people, those whom my dear husband left in my care, and I have also the remembrance of the words of the dying thanking me for telling them about the loving Saviour. Again, the words of Him who spake as never man spake, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Is it true that those people have nothing in common with me? Are they not redeemed by the dear same loving Saviour who suffered on Calvary for my soul? Ah, yes, they have very much in common, and that, too, which deeply interests our destiny for eternity. Perhaps when we stand before the great white throne, if we are so happy as to be there, we shall see that the Saviour's smile will be as sweet and His voice as kind to the poor red man as to the white. "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Yes, God has made of one blood all nations of the earth, and shall we dare to make a distinction in those whom God has created? God forbid. St. John said, "By this do we know that we have passed from death unto

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life, because we love the brethren." The dear Redeemer's last words to his disciples were, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

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CHAPTER XVII.

SOME DISAGREEABLE EXPERIENCES IN TRAVELLING.

Could my dear friends know of the sneers and sometimes insulting speeches made to me because of my being the wife of an Indian preacher, and that, too, by people calling themselves Christians, I think they would feel sorry for me, and would doubt if those persons had ever read 1 Cor., 13th Chap. I am often made happy by the thought that in our Saviour's home there will be no heart aches. But, O, how glad I am that we have one friend that never changes. My dear loving Saviour, help me ever to keep close to Thee.

There are times, when travelling, I am amused with speeches made about me by persons who do not know I am the one they are talking of. I will give you a few instances. I had been visiting my home in Boston, and was returning to my little home in Saganing. I took a seat in the stage at Bay City. Among the passengers were two nice appearing gentlemen, who were

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quite polite to me. When we had got about half way to Saganing, one gentleman said to the other, "By the way, Fred, did you ever see that woman that lives somewhere along the shore that married an Indian?" "No," said the one called Fred, "nor do I wish to see her. If she were my sister, I would shoot her. "Well," said the other, "I would not like to take the life of a relative, but I should certainly disown her. What kind of a person ean she possibly be?" "Well," said Fred, "I have heard that she is a decent sort of a person, and belongs to a respectable family living in or near Boston." "Bah," said the other gentleman, "the very idea of any respectable white woman marrying an Indian, is perfectly preposterous." Just as he uttered these words we reached the half way house, kept by a friend of my husband. He opened the door of the stage, shook hands with me and asked how all the folks were in Boston. Then looking askance at those gentlemen I asked the landlord if he had seen Mr. Sagatoo, or any of the other Indians recently. "Yes," said he, "I was at your house yesterday, and told your husband he need not look for you to come back to Saganing, that you would marry one of those Boston preachers and the Indians

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would never see you again, but he said, 'I guess not, for I had a letter telling me to meet her at the stage to-morrow.'" I went into the house feeling very thankful that I was in no way related to those gentlemen, for the thought of being disowned was bad enough, but to be shot was terrible.

As I entered the house, one of the men grasped the landlord's arm and said, "McDonald, (the keeper of the hotel) for heaven's sake tell us who that lady is who just entered your house?" Said he, "That is Mrs. Sagatoo, a lady who formerly belonged in Boston, and has just returned from visiting her friends there. She is married to quite a respectable Indian, and they live about twelve miles from here." "Thunder and lightning," said one gentleman, "I would not stop to sell myself. I would give myself away. O, dear," said he, "who would have thought that was the person we were talking about, and how that poor lady must have felt. I would not go on that stage and face her again for three hundred dollars." Nor did they. They waited and took a stage that came soon after I left.

At another time I was visiting friends at Osceda. While there I was invited to speak at the

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hall. As navigation was about closing up, I took passage on the boat for Bay City, and as it was so near morning, between 3 and 4 A. M., I did not take a state-room. I had been seated but a few moments when a rather seedy-looking man came up and said, "You got in at Oscedy, didn't ye?" I bowed. "Waal," said he, "I suppose you heered that squaw that lectured last night." I replied that I was at the hall. "Waal," said he, "we were up at Alpine yesterday, and I heered a squaw was going to speak in the hall, and I hoped we would get to Oscedy in time to hear her, for I couldn't imagine what kind of a lecter a squaw could give. We didn't get into Oscedy till nine o'clock, too late for the lecter, but I ran like blazes down to the hall to get a squint at the critter, but when I got there the people were coming out, and I asked where the squaw was that gave the lecter. Some one said, 'She had gone home in Mr. L.'s carriage, but she was not a squaw.'" "Now," said he, "as you were there, you tell me what you thought of her, whether she was a white woman or a squaw." I was at first puzzled what reply to make. At last I said, her features and complexion did resemble the white people, but when she talked the Indian language, for I had used

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a number of Indian words, she did speak very much like the natives. "Waal," said he, coming a little nearer to me, and speaking in a confidential tone. "I guess all the white blood she had in her body, you could put in your eye."

The clerk came to take my name and fare. Said he, "Will you please spell your name?" I spelled it slowly and then pronounced it distinctly. I turned round to look out of the window, feeling sure that man would ask a question. I heard him say, "What did that lady say her name is?" The clerk said, "I think she pronounced it Sagatoo." "Why," said the man, "that is the name of the squaw who gave the lecter last night." "Well," said the clerk, "that is the same lady, she came down on our boat two weeks ago." "By hokey," said the man, and got out of my sight. Nor did I see him again during the trip.

It has been said, "Variety is the spice of life." If this is true, then I think I have my share of the spices. Some years ago, I attended a "District Conference" held in the Washington Ave. Church, Bay City. The presiding elder called upon me to give a report of the mission. I did so. At the close of the service, one of the ministers came up and shook hands

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with me. Said he, "I have often wondered how it was that your people were induced to give up Paganism, and accept Christianity, but your talk this morning has enlightened me, and permit me to congratulate you on talking such good English for an Indian lady. I presume you were educated at one of our white schools."

I looked up with surprise and thanked him for his compliment; told him I did have the privilege of attending the Academy at Wilbraham, Mass. "Ah, indeed," said he, "you must have made good use of your time while there, for you speak the English language as fluently as do our white ladies."

I was invited to dine at the house of the pastor of the church where the conference was held. While seated at the table, the minister said, "Sister Sagatoo, I have a compliment for you." "Oh, have you," said I, "well, I get so few compliments I think I shall appreciate it. Will you kindly tell me what it is?" "Yes,' said he, "I am desirous of doing so. After you got through speaking, Brother S. turned to me and said, 'Sister Sagatoo is the most intelligent squaw I ever heard talk.'" The pastor's wife spoke up with a good deal of spirit: "Is it possible that Brother S. or any other white per-

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son would take Sister Sagatoo for an Indian woman?" "Well, my dear," said the minister, "do not get vexed over the matter, for I have seen squaws a great deal handsomer than Sister Sagatoo ever begun to be," and I knew he was telling the truth.

A little more than a year ago, we had a visit from our beloved Bishop Ninde and family. The Bishop preached twice on the Sabbath to both whites and Indians. A number of people from Standish and Pinenning came to see the family, and have the privilege of shaking hands with them. We felt proud to have these dear friends in our little Indian home, and were very sorry to have them leave us. One of the white women said, "We ought to be better Christians now that the angels have been here in our town."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

DESCRIPTION OF INDIAN WIGWAMS.

The wigwams occupied by the Chippewas, when living in their primitive state, were remarkable for their simplicity of construction. To erect a dwelling was but the work of a few hours. The framework consisted of several poles placed in a circle and joined together at the top with the inner bark of the pine tree, the poles were covered with hemlock bark laid on after the fashion of covering the exterior of our houses East.

The household furniture was limited to a few skins and mats, the latter woven from the rushes to be found on the borders of the lake. The mats were of various colors, for in the art of dyeing the Indians had attained a considerable proficiency; they could produce almost any hue by the use of various vegetable ingredients with which they were familiar.

Tables, chairs, and other articles of household furniture necessary to the white race were completely ignored, and as for dishes, a few rude

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bowls and plates, manufactured from birch bark, together with wooden spoons and kettles of stone, constituted the whole paraphernalia of their culinary department.

Each family possessed only sufficient dishes to accommodate the individual members, and when invited out to partake of the hospitality of a neighbor, each visitor was expected to carry with them the necessary dishes to be used on the occasion. Their food consisted of fish which abounded in the waters, and the flesh of the deer and bear; also corn, squash and esculent roots which grew in great abundance in that region.

The corn was prepared in various ways, but during the fall, winter and spring seasons, a kind of bread was made from it which was very nourishing. The manner of preparation was to pound the corn in a mortar made of stone, and after being mixed with water to the consistency of a paste, without salt, it was turned into hot ashes, and water poured on, thus forming a lye, which was allowed to percolate through the mass, and produced the same effect that soda does when mixed with dough. The bread thus prepared was light and palatable, and formed the chief staple food during the wintry season

When the corn had attained sufficient growth

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to admit of its being eaten in a green state, and if the crops gave promise of a bountiful harvest, the first feast of the season occurred, termed by the Indians the "green corn feast." This was an acknowledgment of thanks to the Great Spirit for his kind care and watchfulness over their prosperity. This feast lasted several days, and was attended with much rejoicing; but if the weather proved unpropitious, and the corn should become blighted, giving indications of a meagre harvest, the feast was omitted, and instead of rejoicing lamentations were indulged in, and a sacrifice made to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit. There was also a dog feast, which was considered a religious ceremony, the object of which was to conciliate the anger of Jim-inito, or the bad spirit, the Indians believing that the sacrifice of the white dog would allay the wrath of this most dreaded being.

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CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE WAR PATH.

When preparing for the war-path, such as expeditions against other tribes, it was the custom for the chief to assemble together his braves, and after a lengthy harangue, in which he pictured in glowing colors the victories to be achieved, the number of scalps to be obtained, a pipe was filled with tobacco, and after being lighted was passed around. All the warriors who were not disposed to join the expedition, passed the pipe to their nearest neighbor, while those who were anxious to accompany the chief signified their intention by accepting and smoking the proffered pipe.

If the expedition proved victorious, the few surviving braves, when they returned, indulged in a triumphant war dance, during which the captured prisoners were tortured in the most inhuman manner. What may appear strange is that the female portion of the tribe displayed more cruelty toward the unfortunate prisoners than did the males, submitting them to the

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most excruciating torture that their savage natures could devise. This was, undoubtedly, the work of those women whose husbands, sons, or brothers were killed during the expedition.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE DRESS OF THE CHIPPEWAS.

In dress, the Chippewas were originally very much like the South Sea Islanders. The garb of the males, during the warm weather, consisted simply of a skirt covering the loins, while their heads were adorned with feathers of various hues. When the weather was cold, they usually wrapped themselves in the skins of various kinds of animals, taste governing them in this matter of dress. The robes of skins were made in the form of a blanket to enable the wearer to readily cast it aside if the necessity of the chase or war should render it burdensome. The dress of the females was similar to that worn by the males, but unlike them, they allowed their hair to fall over their back and shoulders.

The courtship and marriage of the Chippewas was novel and somewhat romantic. When a brave discovered his affinity, or the object of his heart's devotion, he wooed her by proxy. The

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mother of the suitor visited the wigwam of the parents of the young girl, and asks them if they are willing to bestow the hand of their daughter on her son. The answer being favorable, she repairs to the wigwam of her husband, and together they visit their relations, soliciting presents for the young couple. On the day appointed for the marriage ceremony, all the relations of both parties congregate at the wigwam of the parents of the bride; the latter is generally seated upon a pile of mats in one corner of the room. The bridegroom enters first and seats himself in close proximity to the bride, after which his relations enter and lay their presents at the feet of the parents of the young maiden, who immediately divide them among the bride's relations who have been invited to attend the ceremony. After the presents have been disposed off, they all sit down to a feast of corn syrup and maple sugar. This concludes the ceremony.

The following morning, the newly-made husband arises before daybreak, and goes to the woods in search of game, and if successful brings the results of his expedition to the wigwam of his mother-in-law, who is naturally well pleased with the skill displayed by her new son. After

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tarrying a few weeks at the home of the bride's mother, the husband takes his wife to the wigwam of his parents, where a short time is spent in feasting, after which the couple construct a wigwam for themselves and set up house-keeping.

The duties of the wife were to till the soil, prepare her lord's feast, make his raiment, and perform all the manual labor necessary to their existence. Indeed, she seemed more like a slave than a wife, and until the Indians became civilized, the poor wife had to wait upon her husband while he was eating and after he got through, then she could take what he had left.

When death overtook a member of a tribe, there was usually a season of mourning, confined more particularly to the immediate relatives and friends of the deceased. When a husband or wife died, the surviving partner abstained from the use of water on their persons for one year, neither the face nor hands were washed, nor were their clothes removed during that time. At the expiration of one year, their wigwams, clothes and household utensils were destroyed by fire.

The burial ceremony was indeed very impressive. I have witnessed a burial conducted ac-

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cording to the religious rites of their ancestors. The body was brought to the burial-ground, where a grave was dug and the corpse deposited. Before the body was covered with earth, the nearest male relative, who had provided himself with a number of pipes and a quantity of tobacco, took one of the pipes and having filled and lighted it, passed it to the nearest male person. This ceremony was undergone until all were supplied with pipes, after which a bag of corn and cooking utensils were placed in the grave. In the meantime, all present were lying on the ground with their faces downward; they now arose, and standing around the grave clasped hands and then commenced a series of shouts and lamentations, dancing around the grave, and throwing their bodies into all manner of contortions. To a civilized person the scene was such as to vividly impress the mind with the horrors of Paganism.

A great change has taken place among this people. Instead of rude boxes, they now buy respectable coffins and clothe their dead as do the white race. We have some smart, intelligent Indian preachers, who seem very earnest in the work, and when we look back and think it is such a little while since they were without

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any knowledge of God, we are indeed surprised at the advancement they have made, while many of our own race, who were born of religious parents, are so indifferent to spiritual teachings.

My youngest brother was visiting me at one time, and Chief Cabay came to my house to shake hands with him, and asked me if he were a Christian. I said he did not belong to the church. Said he, "What, born with the Bible in his mouth, and not a Christian? When white man told me about God's word I quick took eat, and find God's book sweet taste in my mouth and heart." He has just died, in the hope of a home with Christ, whom he loved and trusted here.

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CHAPTER XXI.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

The Indians have held camp-meetings for the past twenty-five years, before the white people came to live among us, although the white preachers would come and help conduct the meetings. There would also be boat-loads of whites from adjoining towns, and often a large number of Indians from Canada. The people seemed to enjoy the meetings. At one of the meetings, I was requested by the preachers to have mush and milk for supper, that it would be a real treat to them. One of the ministers, there were six stopping in our tent, got a stick and with his pocket-knife scraped the bark off, wiped it clean with the skirt of his linen duster, and helped to stir the corn-meal into the boiling water, the rest of the brethren watching how it was made. I then learned that the ministers were not quite so sedate outside of the pulpit as they were in it; that they could enjoy themselves as well as others, who did not wear clerical robes.

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The Indian tents were quite picturesque. The frames were four stakes stuck in the ground, and at each end a longer stake is put in ; across the top a pole is placed reaching from end to end, then white cotton cloth is drawn over on both sides of the pole, thus forming the roof. The walls are made of small, green branches woven in with twigs and leaves. When finished, they look like little green houses with the top covered with snow. No one could see through the leaves, yet those inside of the tent could see all that was passing outside. The stand where the preachers sit is built first, then the tents are built in a circle, enclosing what is called the camp-ground. The seats are arranged by laying boards across from logs. The lights are furnished by putting four posts in the ground, six feet high, with logs laid on and earth piled around to keep the logs from catching fire. A fire is then made from dry pine, which lights up the camp ground ; there are four of these and one would be surprised to see how pretty the encampment looks.

The last morning is spent in bidding friends good-bye. The ministers start out in twos, the congregation following in like manner, and walk around the circle until all are gathered in. When

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the preachers reach the stand they stop, and all the people in passing shake hands. They then form a circle, take hold of hands and sing a parting hymn. The thought that perhaps some of them would never meet again brought tears to many eyes, especially amongst the old men and women, who were so feeble they trembled as they walked.

Speaking of camp meeting, brings to my mind a time, many years ago, that I went to Bay City to get articles I needed for a camp meeting to be held the next week. I went by boat, the only conveyance at that season of the year, remained over night, intending to return to Saganing the next day, which was Saturday, but on going to the landing-place, I learned that there were no boats going out that day. The meeting was to commence Tuesdy, and as I had but little time to get ready for the preachers, who always remained with us during the meeting, I decided to walk the twenty-five miles to my home. I started about noon, and walked about sixteen miles, when night overtook me. I saw a small building hear the railroad track, for I had walked on the railroad, which was being built at that time, and seeing a woman standing at the door I asked if she could accommodate

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me with a night's lodging. She said, "Yes, you look beat out. Come right in and I will make you a cup of tea." I learned she was the wife of the section boss. She gave me a good supper and a clean bed. I offered her pay, which she refused, saying she was glad she could help me to get rested. Her husband said no money could tempt him to walk twenty-five miles for the sake of all the camp meetings in Christendom. I started just at daylight to walk the remainder of the way, nine miles, in the cool of the morning. I was within two miles of my home when I got so faint I had to stop to rest. While sitting on a stone, a man stepped up and said, "Are you not Mrs. Sagatoo?" I replied, "Yes." "Why," said he, "where did you come from?" I then told him about my walk from Bay City. "Well," said he, "your face looks as if the blood would burst through your skin, and I will not allow you to walk one step farther. I am your friend, Mr. B.'s, foreman. The camp is quite near, and after you have had some breakfast I will lend you a horse to get home." I hesitated to go to the camp, thinking there were only men there. "O," said he, "we have a nice respectable cook, so you need have no fears." I accompa-

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nied him to the camp. The cook gave me some nice, strong coffee and some good bread and meat. After eating my breakfast, I felt very much better, and told the foreman I would not trouble him for the horse, as I had never ridden on horseback. "Never mind," said he, "I will go with you and lead the horse." He placed me on the horse and told me to hold on to the pommel. I was within half a mile of my home, when all of a sudden I found myself sitting on the saddle, by the side of the road, and the man and horse quite a distance ahead of me. At last the man looked round and saw the horse without a rider. He came quickly back to where I was sitting and asked me if I was hurt. I told him that I was not. It seems the belt that kept the saddle in place had become loose and slipped off. I did not mount again, and as it was near noon I invited the man to come to my house and get dinner. I found my husband had remained from church and was at the mouth of the river watching for the boat.

As I look back upon the past thirty-three years, many things come back to remembrance that amuses me, particularly my first ride from Bay City to Saganing. The agent had sent me some books for the school, and I went to

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Bay City to get them. One of my friends was going to Pine River, five miles north from our town and said he would take me home in his cutter. His wife had put up a nice lunch for us, which my friend said we would eat when we got to the hotel, called the "None Such." Between 11 and 12 A. M., Mr. B. stopped at a little shed. I asked why he stopped there. He said, "This is Hotel None Such. We will eat dinner here and feed the horses." "O," said I, "I am not willing to go in there. I will sit in the sleigh while you feed your horses." "No," said he, "you must go in and eat your lunch and get some tea and get warm." I got out of the cutter and the man who kept the den came out and said, "Walk right in, lady, and make yourself at home." To me the place looked more like a pig-pen than a hotel. There were no chairs, so the man gave me a soap-box to sit on. I saw a tin cup, a black pot to make tea, a plate with crackers, and a whiskey bottle. There was no stove; a fire was made in the centre of the room. Over the fire hung a kettle of beans. While sitting there, the stick on which the kettle was hung burned and the beans fell into the fire. Fearing the man would think I had been meddling with the beans, I

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started and ran as fast as I could away from the dwelling. When Mr. B. and the men came back, I was nearly a mile from the place. My friend soon overtook me and laughed at my fears. That was the last time I visited Hotel None Such.

At one time, I invited the choir at Pinconning to come to Saganing to hold a praise meeting. Quite a number of them remained over night at my home. I had to put some of them to sleep up-stairs, some in the bed-room off the parlor, and the Elder on the sofa in the parlor. The young ladies were having a nice time talking and laughing; the stove in the parlor had been removed, but the hole where the pipe had been was uncovered. The Elder was almost asleep, when a voice came down the hole, saying, "Mrs. R., where is the Elder sleeping?" The Elder did not inform them.

Before the Indians became Christians, it was customary for each Indian to carry on his person a small bag containing his individual gods. These gods represented various animals, such as a horse, a deer, a snake, or any object in nature which their rude fancy depicted as possessing supernatural power.

After Mr. Hickey left us, we were a long

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time without a presiding elder. In the meantime, I had travelled through different cities and collected money and pledges to build a frame church for our Indians. The Indians had promised to work and give in money, about two hundred dollars, but they failed to keep their promise. I have learned from some of the white people, who are now living here, that the Indians have said that every little while they gave me sums of twenty-five dollars towards finishing the church. This is not true. The Indians never gave me any money to help build the church. All the money I received was from white people outside of Saganing, the most of it from New York and Boston.

When the church was raised, boarded and shingled, the conference sent us as presiding elder, Rev. O. J. Perrin, who remained three years; next came A. R. Bartlett, in 1878, and then J. S. Smart. I shall always remember the first visit this good man made to our house, he came Saturday morning and remained till Monday morning. Just before he bade me good-bye he put both of his hands on his head and said, "Sister Sagatoo, I am going away from your house all whole." "Why," said I, "did you expect the Indians would scalp you?" "Oh,

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no," said he, "I was not afraid of the Indians doing me any harm. It was you I was informed would injure me." "Why," said I, trying to keep my tears back, "what do you mean?" "Well," said he, laughing, "sit down a moment and I will explain. I spent Friday night with a white family at Standish. The man told me I would find a home with Mrs. Sagatoo, that she was a good cook, but would talk a man to death. "Now," said he, "I know that man made a mistake, for I have done most of the talking since I came here." I then asked Bro. Smart who the man was that gave him such a report of me. He said, "It was Mr. P." "Why," said I, "I never spoke a dozen words to that man, and never saw him but twice." "Well," said the elder, "never mind his foolish talk." We all liked Bro. Smart and were sorry when he left us.

The names of the different elders who have been sent to us are as follows: Revs. A. J. Richard, L. P. Davis, E. E. Caster, and at present Rev. R. Woodhams. All these elders have been faithful in their duty to the Indians. The names of the ministers who have preached to our people since my coming here are Revs. G. Bradley, G. Nixon, N. Clark, A. Gee, C. L.

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Church, W. Tuttle, C. E. Hill, M. M. Allman, M. J. Carley and Geo. Huckle, who is our present pastor. The above named persons were sent to us by the conference. When first I came among this people, they did not belong to any conference, but through the kindness of Rev. R. S. Pardington, who was then stationed at Washington Ave. Church, Bay City, who invited my husband, Chief Cabay and Daniel Hall, our Indian preacher, to attend the conference held at Saginaw. Bishop Jones, who had charge of the conference, made inquiries of Bro. Pardington and myself concerning the work done among the Indians at Saganing. It was then decided by the conference to send us an elder and appoint a preacher, and an appropriation allowed to help pay the preacher. Daniel Hall, one of our Indians, was appointed preacher in charge till his death, after which, Rev. Green Sky, another Indian, was appointed to fill the vacancy. Bro. Green Sky was one of the truest Christians I have ever become acquainted with. He remained in the mission two years, then God took him to heaven.

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CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

I have now completed the story of my life up to the present time. May God grant that the future may have brighter days for me than they have been in the past. With this prayer I present this little volume to my readers, with the hope that it will entertain and instruct them in many things of which history gives nothing.

I hope while reading of my trials you will try to put yourself in my place, with my first experience among this people of whom I knew nothing, with no one to sympathize with me in my loneliness, bereft of husband and friends, reared as I was in a good Christian home, surrounded by dear loving friends and all the necessary comforts of life. Try to feel for me, dear readers, as I felt then. May God grant this may be the only way you will be called upon to suffer.

I now put this book before the public to get means to sustain me in my old age. We have exhausted every source of obtaining money for support, having used the most of our means to

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carry on the work, so that we have got to a state where we must do something to maintain us in the future. My husband is almost blind, having completely lost one eye, and the sight is very much impaired in the other. Some eleven years ago, he met with an accident, and being obliged to send twenty-five miles to Bay City for a physician, so much time elapsed before he arrived that nothing could be done to save it. Had the physician's coming been delayed longer, my husband's sight would have been lost completely. As it is, it is only a question of a very short time when he must be totally blind. He suffers a good deal of pain, and at times it is almost unbearable, especially when the cold enters the cavity where the eye was. By this you will see that the main support devolves upon me.

Many of the dear friends who have helped me bear the trials of my life and sympathized with me in my sorrows, have passed within the golden gates, and as God has closed their eyes in death, may He open the eyes and hearts of others to feel willing to help and cheer Wah Sash Kah Moqua in the years to come that she shall spend among the Indians in Saganing.

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Dr.. Palmer's Experience Among the Indians

DURING THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC.

In the year of 1869 I located in Bay City as a practising physician, and occupied rooms in the Campbell House, and had a large lucrative practice in the years of 1867 to June, 1869, when I was called to Saganing by the late M. D. Bourassa, justice of the peace, to see his daughter, who was dangerously ill with consumption. I took my departure from Bay City in the sailboat, "Post Boy," commanded by Capt. Hugh Burns; made the run of 30 miles in two and one-half hours. When we arrived at Saganing I called upon my patient, and was convinced that the case was incurable. She departed this life four days after. Justice Little, the store-keeper of Saganing village, was the interpreter, and came after me to visit an indian family by the name of Ottawas. Their daughter,

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Mrs. Silas Jackson, was down with a disease that they could not properly understand. The patient was occupying a log dwelling; size about twenty by twenty-six, with two apartments — fourteen of a family occupying this building. The indians were all anxious to know what was the trouble with this sick woman. I pronounced it a case of confluent smallpox. The indians were determined in their opinion, and told the interpreter they would not believe it. Mr. Little invited me to breakfast, and afterwards we returned to the pest-house. I told Mr. Little if the indians disputed what I had said as regards the case, they would have a different opinion. When we returned the patient, Mrs. Jackson, had been forsaken by her relatives. The back and front door was properly fastened by long poles driven into the ground, and leaning against the building with ropes fastened to the latches, so that the patient could not escape. I opened the east and west doors to let the air through the building. I went into the building and found the patient lying on the floor; I picked her up and placed her on the bed, and made a report of the case to Mr. Bourassa, who drove to Arenae township, a distance of six miles, to call a special meeting of the Town Board, and

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they appointed me as County Physician and Health Officer for Arenae township, County of Bay, which was a large territory at that time, consisting of twelve townships.

During the year 1869, the Arenae township Board consisted of the late Horace Decker as Supervisor, and A. B. Beach as Treasurer, and the late Alexander McDonald as Clerk, E. M. Babcock, Justice of the Peace, also the late M. D. Bourassa, Justice of the Peace. As near as I can learn, there are only two of the old members living at present. After I closed the contract with the Arenae Board, I took charge of the No. 1 pest-house at Saganing, and removed the exposed thirteen members of the Indian family to a quarantine building, and had them transferred to the No. 1 pest-house, according as the cases developed. I appointed Mrs. Shebahgezhig as nurse, and Joseph Buckwheat as messenger. Mrs. Jackson's husband disappeared; I wish he would always keep out of my way; he was afraid he would expose himself to the disease.

One night I made a special visit to the No. 1 pest-house at Saganing. On my return from the Rifle River pest-house at mid-night to see if I could come across Jackson, I found him standing at the corner of the pest-house. It was a

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dark, dismal night. I saw the object before me and I spoke to him, and he answered me. I immediately dismounted from my horse and caught hold of him, and told him I wanted him to assist in taking care of his wife in the pest-house. He told me he would not. He was a large, powerful man; after a desperate struggle I got him into the building where his wife was, and told him not to leave it until further orders. He discharged the duties of nurse until the smallpox began to develop on him. I then appointed Peter Gordon as nurse. Mrs. Tawas, 73 years old, showed indications of smallpox in the quarantine station. She was removed to the pest-house, and, contrary to rules, she left the building and laid on the wet grass that night, during the secondary fever, and was exposed to a relapse and died the following morning at 4 o'clock. Peter Gordon, the nurse, reported the death to me. On my return to the hospital I found my nurse Gordon had disappeared to parts unknown. Justice Little, the store-keeper, got discouraged and left for Saginaw, and remained there for three weeks, leaving the store in my care. I notified the friends of Mrs. Ottawas to make preparation for the burial, and I would assist them in ordering a coffin and engage some

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one to dig the grave. The deceased woman's husband and son told me to bury the corpse, or do what I liked with the body. It was hot, sultry weather at the time, and it was not safe for inhabitants to be exposed to the odor of a decomposed corpse longer than could possibly be avoided, which had to be removed as quickly as possible. I consulted M. D. Bourassa. He told me it was necessary to resort to cremation, by burning the corpse and building. There were several carpenters engaged to build a hospital on the Saganing River, which was completed the following day. We removed the patients to the new building. The nurse, Mrs. Shebahgezhig, emptied the beds in the building and saturated them with kerosene, then set them on fire.

The Indian families throughout the Saganing village made a practice of visiting the smallpox family several days previous to my taking charge. The Indians packed up their grips through excitement, and were determined to go to the forest on the Bay shore. I told them if they did I should never follow them. They changed their minds and remained at their respective homes during the smallpox epidemic.

I purchased a large amount of smallpox virus

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from Prof. Leonard, of Detroit, and resorted to a general vaccination among the whites and Indians in Arenae township during the month of June, 1869. I engaged the services of Samuel Jackson as an Indian guide to accompany me to Pineconning, in a birch-bark canoe. I vaccinated 180 whites and Indians, and we returned to Saganing and prepared ourselves for a long trip to Point Au Gres. We left Saganing in a canoe, and arrived at Point Au Gres at 4 o'clock the following morning. We kept close to the shore all the way. There was not a ripple on the water — perfectly calm — and as the sun was rising I thought I had never seen a more beautiful morning. A short distance from the Point, on the shore, I noticed a roughness which attracted my attention. As I handled the stern paddle I steered for the shore, and to our astonishment we were in the middle of a school of sturgeon fish, averaging in weight from 50 to 125 pounds. I told Jackson to be as quick as possible, as the fish took up quite a space, and if we disturbed them they might go into the deep water. I vaulted over the side of the canoe into about four feet of water, picked up my silk hat, coat and vest, and our refreshments, and carried them ashore. I asked Jack-

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son to jump out and we would pull the canoe ashore. "No," he said, "I am afraid of getting wet." I told him if he did not I would upset the canoe. I was as good as my word, and tried Jackson as a diver; we landed the canoe and threw sufficient sturgeon on shore for a load, allowing us only room enough to sit.

I vaccinated a large number on the Point, including Indians, squaws and papooses. Just as we were leaving for Saganing we met a canoe and scow, commanded by two Indians, loaded with sturgeon. So large a supply has never been obtained in that locality since.

On my return to Saganing I continued vaccinating all the settlers and transients there were throughout the township of Arenae where the epidemic existed.

In those days lumbering was quite extensive, and it was a common occurrence to see large crowds of men in Pine River, also in Hoovertown, on their way to the woods. Frank Humphrey, proprietor of a hotel at that time, and doing an immense business, had a guest by the name of William Darby, who had been sick several days, and under the care of Dr. Madison, who treated the case and gave his diagnosis as fever and ague. This man laid in the midst of

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